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The Week

THE California Supreme Court has at last rendered its advisory opinion in the case of Warren K. Billings, who is serving a life sentence for participating in the throwing of a bomb during the Preparedness Day parade in San Francisco in 1916. The opinion is unfavorable, which almost certainly means that Governor C. C. Young will refuse to pardon either Billings or Tom Mooney, who was convicted in the same case and on similar testimony. The decision of the Court was kept a closely guarded secret, and as this issue of The New Republic goes to press we have not had an opportunity to examine its whole text; but if the newspaper summaries of it are accurate, and we have every reason to suppose that they are, it is one of the most outrageous travesties upon justice ever delivered by a supposedly reputable body of judges. As everyone has known for more than twelve years, Mooney and Billings were convicted on perjured evidence. The presiding judge, nearly all the jurors in the case and all the other decent individuals connected with the prosecution have united in saying that if they had known then what they do now, Mooney and Billings would never have been found guilty. A new trial being impossible under the state law of California, they have joined in asking successive Governors to pardon the victims, and these Governors, truckling to the anti-Red hysteria which is still rampant in the Far West, have been unable to muster up the courage to perform this act of justice. Governor Young, after years of trembling indecision, found a way out for himself by referring the case of Billings to the California Supreme Court, this being technically possible because Billings had previously been convicted of a crime (in a case growing out of a labor dispute, in which his friends say he was "framed" as he was in the bomb-explosion affair).

THE question before the Court was obviously whether or not Billings had had a fair trial—the same question which confronted Governor Fuller's famous advisory committee in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Like that committee, the Court seems to have ignored this all-important matter. The decision complains that Billings' application for a pardon did not attempt to show that he was innocent of the crime—thus reversing the theory that a man is presumed innocent until he has been fairly tried and proved guilty. It alleges that Billings probably knew who committed the crime and has been shielding him; and with this as an excuse, it advises that he be kept in prison the rest of his life for a crime which he almost certainly did not commit, and after a trial in which every important witness committed perjury, some of them by arrangement with the prosecuting officers. The members of the Supreme Court who handed down this monstrous decision did not act as judges; they acted, they all but openly admit, as members of a class bent on maintaining a class injustice.

THE admirals and their allies who are fighting the London naval treaty in England, Japan and America continue to act in a way which is simply too good to be true. No sooner do Senators Johnson and Moses rise to say that the treaty is a foul British conspiracy against American safety than

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Earls Beatty and Jellicoe bob up in London to assert that it is a foul American conspiracy against British safety; and at the same moment Admiral Kanji Kato stands up in Tokyo to say that the proposal is grossly unfair to his country, is in fact a foul British-American conspiracy against Japanese safety. If they acted by prearrangement to make themselves and their cause ridiculous they could not be more simultaneous and unanimous, each from his own point of view. Even a Hearst reader ought to have wit enough to see that the admirals cancel out. If any of the three sets of them is right, the other two are wrong. In fact they are all wrong, politically if not strategically, and it is the politics that is important. The case for the treaty was well stated by President Hoover in his message to the special session of the Senate. The treaty is designed to permit defensive warfare by each of the three powers, and to prevent trans-oceanic offensive warfare. The criticisms by the American admirals, as Mr. Hoover points out, referred to less than 3 percent of the total tonnage, and are concerned with "whether we shall have a treaty with either three more eight-inch cruisers or four less six-inch cruisers." But the real question, as the President says, is "whether we shall have this treaty or no treaty. It is a question as to whether we shall move strongly toward limitation and reduction in naval arms or whether we shall have no limitation or reduction and shall enter upon a disastrous period of competitive armament." This is a fair statement of the case, and it permits only one conclusion.

MUSSOLINI remains the bad boy of Europe. When M. Briand politely asks him whether Italy will join the Pan-European Federation, he promptly proceeds, so far as he is able, to burn down the house and dance on the ruins. Italy will be glad to join the Federation, he says, but only after justice has been done in Europe. Justice to whom, if you please? To the victors in the late war, who are not satisfied with what they got, and want more. This statement is 100 percent wrong so far as everyone but Italy is concerned. The victors in the recent conflict would have liked to get more, but since they didn't, the last thing on earth that they want is a reopening of the question. They know quite well that if this were done, they would probably lose a good share of their loot. It is the vanquished in the War who want the matter reconsidered; but Germany, which lost most of all, is certainly not willing to follow Mussolini in any wild, jingoistic adventure.

TO be sure, the German Nationalists, whose creed is so like his, probably agree with him; but the forces which now control the government pin their faith to the League of Nations, the World Court and the process of gradual appeasement which has within the last fortnight resulted in the evacuation of the Rhineland by the last of the Allied troops. Mussolini's chief appeal is to Hungary, where he is already immensely popular with one section, and to the dissatisfied minorities in Jugoslavia and Rumania. The balance in Europe is always a delicate one, and in danger of being upset; but Mussolini's jingoism is so notorious that a statement which from any other head of a government would mean war means much less from him. It sets observers to speculating as to what is wrong at home, that he should try so hard to divert the attention of the Italian population from present domestic difficulties to future foreign ones.

MOST people nowadays have a comfortable feeling that child labor is no longer an important problem in the United States. The argument runs that since the failure of the federal statute, public sentiment operating in the individual states has produced both better laws and better enforcement. How far this is from being true is shown by a recent investigation of child labor in canneries, made by the United States Children's Bureau. This official survey disclosed that children are working all over the country, wherever fruit and vegetables are being canned. Of 3,300 children at work in the canneries visited, one-third were under fourteen, most of them working in violation of the laws of the states where they were employed. Ten percent were less than twelve years old, and a few were under eight. One-fifth of all these children were working twelve hours a day (some of them sixteen hours) and practically none less than ten hours. Two-fifths worked at night. Nearly all are employed where tables and floors are wet, the air is hot and steamy and ventilation is bad. Both children and adults are forced to stand during their work, a practice which is especially undesirable for women and girls. Sanitary facilities are often primitive. Not one of these conditions is necessary, for there are plenty of canneries where they have all been abolished without any untoward increase in the cost of operation. Many states which have good child-labor laws have exempted fruit canneries from their provisions. This exemption is clearly unwise, and the report of the Children's Bureau urges that it be removed in every case.

NOT all the airplane endurance records are made in St. Louis and Chicago. Soaring over the city of Washington in a second-hand monoplane—some call it the "Spirit of Hoover Republicanism," some the "Question Mark," and others the "Tennessee River Improvement Association I Will"—Chairman Claudius H. Huston of the Republican National Committee has been trying successfully to stay in the air longer than any other party official in American history. Below him on the landing field is a motley crowd of Senators, process-servers, politicians and officials, all waiting to slap him on the back and accept his resignation. Mr. Huston's monoplane drums on. The cylinders are scored, the oil-line leaks dangerously, the wings are shaky and the tail threatens to drop off at any moment,

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but still, with the persistence that characterized the Hunter brothers, Mr. Huston clings sleeplessly to the controls. When his bold flight ends—as it may have ended before these lines appear, and as all flights eventually must—he can hardly reënter politics; but might he not find a distinguished place on the vaudeville stage?

THE New York Communists charge that two members of their faith have been killed by the metropolitan police during the past week. One of these is a Mexican Communist, Gonzalo Gonzales, who was shot by Patrolman Edmond J. O'Brien during a dispute over a Communist parade which the police say was unauthorized. The other case is that of Alfred Luro, a Negro, who died while under arrest. The police say he died of apoplexy; his comrades say he was beaten to death. No outsider was present while Luro was being "interrogated," and so no one can tell what happened. It can be said, however, that the chances strongly favor the Communists' theory. For the New York police habitually beat their prisoners, in order to force them to confess crimes which they may or may not have committed. There are any number of carefully authenticated instances where they have beaten men into unconsciousness (using a rubber hose which leaves no marks), have burned their flesh with lighted cigar or cigarette ends, have thrust knifeblades under their finger nails. Almost equally cruel is the habitual denying to prisoners of food and water, and keeping them awake hour after hour to be questioned incessantly until they break down and confess to anything or everything suggested, in order to put an end to the agony. These methods are used even with ordinary prisoners; and it is clear that the police are under instructions to treat the Communists with exceptional ferocity. There is no other explanation for the merciless use of clubs on men, women and children during the unemployment demonstrations in New York.

THE ordinance which in effect grants a permanent franchise to the present traction companies of Chicago has been accepted by the voters, five and a half to one. For this result, so much at variance with the repeated rejection by the electorate of more favorable terms, several reasons may be given. For one thing, the traction interests and the banks were a unit behind the measure. It has been suspected that Mr. Samuel Insull was secretly opposed to the ordinance offered in 1925, which looked definitely toward municipal ownership. The plans for carrying the present measure were carefully matured. The legislature passed the necessary enabling acts over a year ago, ignoring criticisms and suggestions. The City Council passed the ordinance with three dissenting votes, and allowed only six weeks before the referendum. Opposition was voiced by the Public Ownership League, by the Cook County Real Estate Board and by a few liberal attorneys such as Harold L. Ickes and Donald R. Richberg. On the other hand, The Tribune and The News supported the ordinance, and the Thompson machine marshaled the controlled vote in its favor.

THE great body of citizens who had defeated the previous measures and now stood aside, were influenced both by the fact that the traction interests had already gained a strangle hold, so that no better terms were to be expected, and by weariness of the whole subject. Moreover, the present settlement offered some improvement in the situation before the World's Fair of 1933, and much was made of the relief of unemployment by the building of subways and extensions. In short, the traction interests fought from prepared positions on ground chosen by themselves. In spite of all explanation, however, the defeat of the second city in the country, on a question of public control in regard to which its will had been repeatedly manifested, is a blow to democracy and good government in the United States. One of its effects will be to consolidate the power of the Thompson ring, and enable it to name Big Bill's successor as Mayor in 1931.

JUDGE Marcus Kavanagh of Chicago has lately attracted some attention on both sides of the Atlantic by his remarks on capital punishment, which have had added weight because of his position. He has publicly announced on several occasions that where capital punishment has been abolished, the homicide rate has promptly risen; where it has been restored, the homicide rate has obligingly gone down again. We should be interested to know where Judge Kavanagh gets his figures, and how he is so sure that a decrease or increase in the number of killings is due to this one factor and not to others. We should also like to know to what states he refers. In Missouri, for instance, capital punishment was restored in 1919, after a two-year interval, and the homicide rate has been slightly higher during most of the subsequent ten years. The same is true of Tennessee, which followed a similar course. Complete figures are not available for Arizona, which also restored the death penalty, but the homicide rate has been higher there each year for the past three years. Oregon restored capital punishment in 1920, and the next year saw an increase in homicides of more than 50 percent. Washington did the same thing and the rate remained approximately stationary. There is no evidence that the rate is now rising any faster in those states which have abolished the death penalty than in those which have not.

IN FACT, there is no reason to believe that capital punishment or the lack of it has anything to do with the amount of crime. The six states within the registration area which no longer kill criminals have a homicide rate which is less than half as high as that of the twenty-six states in that area which still resort

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to the rope or the electric chair. Some states which have the death penalty have fifteen times as many homicides in proportion to population as some others which do not. The point is that abolition of legalized killing and a low homicide rate are both symptoms of a high degree of civilization. They appear together, but not as cause and effect. The argument for abolishing the death penalty is not that this action will be followed by a decrease in crime, but that the penalty is barbarous in and of itself.

NEW YORK City has never had a city plan, or any official body charged with preparing one. That fact might cause astonishment, in view of the almost universal adoption of city planning by smaller communities, were it not typical of the haphazard methods by which the largest metropolis in the New World does its business. Now, however, we suddenly learn that the omission is to be remedied. With frantic haste, Mayor Jimmie Walker, whose career in office has been adorned by ten major scandals in the municipal administration, announces the creation of a one-man city-planning department. The job will pay $17,500 a year, and it will be filled by the Mayor's good friend, Major J. F. Sullivan. Major Sullivan is an engineer but if he is an expert on city planning fit to rank with the other outstanding experts in this field, we have not heard of it. His competence, however, will not matter greatly, since he will have no power to initiate improvements. He will merely advise the Board of Estimate. Mayor Walker believes that in New York City's present mood, Tammany can get away with practically anything. Who can say that he is not right?

SIR Arthur Conan Doyle was not primarily a man of letters. Even though born in Edinburgh of an Irish Catholic family (whose origin, he later explained, was Anglo-Norman), he had the standards and the ambitions of a Tory squire. He entered the alien world of literature as others of his spiritual class took passage to India, in order to retrieve the family fortunes. In this venture he succeeded better than any of the nabobs who carved out mere principalities in the East: he seized for himself a whole broad empire of fiction, inhabited by people of his own creation. Yet he had no great love for these subjects of his, even for Sir Nigel or Brigadier Gerard; and he bore such a deep hatred toward Sherlock Holmes, whose reputation had come to overshadow his own, that he tried to kill him off, fortunately with no more success than had the despicable Moriarity. Holmes, however, had brought him a fortune; the Boer War had brought him a knighthood; and he retired to Windelsham, his seat in Crowborough, Sussex, where he devoted himself to the hobbies of an English country gentleman—cricket, billiards, boxing, tariff reform, standing for Parliament and the organizing of rifle clubs among the patriotic youth of Great Britain. Spiritualism, to which he devoted his last years, may be regarded simply as the latest and most engrossing of these hobbies.

Professors and Propagandists

THE American Association of University Professors has lately become much concerned over the part which teachers in institutions of higher learning have played in public-utility propaganda, and with good reason. The investigation by the Federal Trade Commission during the past two years has revealed a shocking state of affairs in which the public utilities have tried to buy up the college professors just as they have tried to buy up the press, the radio and even the secondary schools. In the words of Professor E. R. A. Seligman of Columbia, who has been looking into the matter on behalf of the A. A. U. P.:

> Large sums of money have been given to universities, colleges and research institutions; grants, ranging from insignificant traveling expenses to considerable annual stipends and to as much as five or ten thousand dollars for single studies have been paid to individuals; research projects have been subsidized; arrangements have been made for courses and for individual lectures; advice has been given in the writing or revision of textbooks; and in various other ways there has been a close connection between public utilities and the academic profession.

Professor Seligman believes that in few if any cases have the college instructors changed their views in order to receive their share of this golden flood. What usually happens is that the utilities pick out a man who already shares their general views and pay him to spread his ideas more freely. But the effect is none the less deplorable, not only from the standpoint of the public (a matter which Professor Seligman leaves out of consideration) but from that of the college and the teacher:

> In the first place, the man in the street, who is not perhaps so high-minded as the academic instructor, may shrug his shoulders and continue to affirm the possibility, at all events, of [vicious] influence. Any widespread suspicion of this character, even though it is thoroughly unjustified, must impair the influence of the scholar's conclusions and go far toward discrediting the academic or other institution that stands sponsor for the research project.
>
> Secondly, we must remember the subtle psychology of the situation. If an individual knows that his investigations are being financed by a particular enterprise, it is only human nature to give it at least the benefit of any doubt. Even if the scholar is quite sure that his conclusions will register his honest beliefs, he will be likely at least to tone down those conclusions in such a way as to minimize the importance of these facts or those expressions of policy which might be unfavorably received by the donors. At the very best, he will avoid action which may be considered discourteous or untactful.

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Professor Seligman draws a distinction between the various types of service which a college or an individual instructor may be called upon to perform for a public-utility corporation or any other outside interest. There are certain sorts of purely scientific, technological research which are not only permissible but highly desirable. There are even some forms of economic research which are technical in character and do not involve the public interest. When it comes to questions of social policy, however, he is of the opinion that neither an institution nor an individual should ever accept pay from any outside source for doing research or performing any other service.

> The university professor [he observes] must be like the judge. His reputation for impartiality must be equally unsullied. Higher education and scientific research must evoke in the public mind the same confidence as does the system of justice. There is in this respect no difference between the ermine of the judge and the robe of the professor. If the belief in the integrity of either is weakened, a mortal blow has been struck. The academic instructor must always be mindful of the fact that when he makes any pronouncement in his official capacity, he is involving not only his own university, but every institution of learning. He cannot divorce himself from responsibility as a devotee of science. While, therefore, he may be justified in taking pay from the public authorities, because the state represents the interests of all, and because the aim of government is to obtain a fair dealing for all classes and for every member of the community, he is not justified in accepting a retainer from private persons in any controversial case involving questions of public policy.

Even in those cases where he considers that it is proper for a university instructor to receive compensation, Professor Seligman thinks that serious restrictions are necessary. The recipient of the subsidy should in every instance make public acknowledgment of the fact that he is being paid, and by whom. If there is a possibility that he will be retained by any public body in regard to any specific problem, he must decline private employment. If a college or university obtains funds for special research, it ought not to go to the utilities with hat in hand, as is now usually the case, but should let the utilities come to it. Furthermore, such grants of money should be made in lump sums, not dribbled out in annual payments which enable the donor to hold a club over the college's head from year to year.

All these, of course, are counsels of perfection. Neither Professor Seligman nor the American Association of University Professors has any means of enforcing these lofty standards. While it is a good thing that this report should have been made, and should receive wide publicity, it is unlikely to have any important effect upon the immediate situation. That situation has already been altered somewhat by the reaction which has followed the Federal Trade Commission's revelations. The utilities will be more careful, at least for a time, and so will the professors. But no sensible person can suppose that there has been any actual moral reformation on either side, or that what has gone on in the past will not continue in the future, even though somewhat more surreptitiously. The utilities have plenty of money, and the professors have none (Mr. Seligman pleads in his report for larger salaries in the colleges, especially for instructors in engineering, who are the worst offenders). The professors have prestige to sell and the utilities need to buy it. It is as inevitable that they should get together as that water should run downhill. We need a new set of ethical standards, but that is something which can only be created over a long course of years, through pressure from a widespread public opinion such as does not now exist. Until we get it, it is quixotic to expect much improvement.

Even if the utilities no longer subsidized the colleges, we could not look to these institutions for much assistance in the struggle to have the public interest properly protected. For on the whole, the institutions of higher learning are conservative, reflecting the tone of the general community, and conservatism is on the side of the capitalist against the people. In all but a little handful of schools, the college teacher who tries in his own classroom, or in his books or magazine articles, to tell the truth about profiteering by the public-utility monopolists will find himself in hot water. If he is not actually dismissed, he may be warned by the president to behave, or he may be subjected to the customary quiet pressure toward conformity—no salary advancement, more than his share of drudgery, social ostracism. The colleges, after all, are part of the system of which the private public-utility companies are a characteristic expression. The funds for higher education come either from state legislatures whose members are forever sniffing the air for any taint of "Bolshevism," or from private donors who are equally timid. It is well that the A. A. U. P. should fight for academic integrity, and should reprove its members when they are found to be on the secret pay roll of the utilities' overlords; but the real fight is one in which the colleges (always remembering a few honorable exceptions) will sit on the sidelines.

Who Shall Control the Nile?

TWO events vitally affecting relations between Great Britain and Egypt and involving the question of control and distribution of the waters of the River Nile, have occurred within the last few months. One is the granting of a concession by the Abyssinian government to an American engineering firm to survey the site for a $15,000,000 dam across Lake Tsana, principal source of the Blue Nile. The other is the breakdown of the Anglo-Egyptian Conference in London, called to settle the four outstanding points at issue between

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the two countries, over the question of joint occupation and control of the Sudan.

The struggle for power in northeastern Africa is largely a struggle for control of the available water supply, involving the fates of two quasi-independent African kingdoms, Egypt and Abyssinia, and the great desert colony of the Sudan, over which an Anglo-Egyptian condominium was established in 1899, but which has been practically under British control since 1924, when all Egyptian troops were ordered out of the country after the assassination of Sir Lee Stack, commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army and governor-general of the Sudan.

Egyptian independence, acknowledged in the Treaty of 1922 drawn up between Great Britain and Egypt, left four reserved points to be settled by future negotiation between the two countries. These were the safeguarding of British overseas communications via the Suez Canal, the defense of Egypt against foreign aggression, the protection of foreign interests and minorities in Egypt and the question of the Sudan. After three failures to settle these "reserved" points, a fourth attempt was made in April under the present Labor Government. A tentative agreement had been reached on the first three questions when the conference finally broke down after the refusal of Mr. Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Minister, to accept the Egyptian proposals regarding the future status of the Sudan.

Control of the Suez Canal is vital to Great Britain because it affords the quickest and most direct route to India via the Mediterranean and Red Seas, a route essential both for British mercantile interests and for the defense of her Indian Empire. Recent events in India have made it all the more imperative that this control be safeguarded, yet strangely enough it was not over the question of the Suez Canal but over that of the Sudan that the conference finally broke down. To the historic justification for British interference in Egypt, the safeguarding of her overseas passage to India, has more recently been added another: control of the vast cotton-growing areas of the Sudan, a territory of a million square miles lying between Egypt and Abyssinia and watered by the Blue and White Niles. These effect a junction at Khartoum to form the great Nile River, which flows thence into Egypt and through Egypt for nearly a thousand miles to its outlet in the Mediterranean Sea.

The Nile has well been called the life-blood of Egypt, for, deprived of its waters, she would become another Sahara instead of the fruitful oasis she remains today. An irrigation system thousands of years old is constantly being improved by the Egyptian government. Within the next fifteen years, Egypt will spend over $100,000,000 on vast irrigation projects along the great river and its two main branches, in addition to the millions of dollars already spent in the past. This enormous expenditure of money testifies to her concern for her present and future water supply. Of Egypt's 400,000 square miles of territory, only 13,500 square miles are now under cultivation. Twenty-nine-thirtieths of her total area are idle for lack of water. Thus, any threat to cut off the present supply at its source or to limit its distribution, such as the erection of a dam across Lake Tsana under the control of another country, is a sword aimed at the heart of Egyptian prosperity and at life itself.

To the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, water is equally essential to the future of agriculture. In the Gezira district, that great triangle of desert land lying between the Blue and White Niles, the British have laid out 300,000 acres of cotton plantations, with projects for additional development as soon as the necessary water can be obtained. By treaty between the British and Egyptian governments, this acreage cannot be increased except by mutual consent. Similarly, the Abyssinian government is enjoined by treaty from granting concessions for a dam across Lake Tsana or the Blue Nile except by consent of the British government and that of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

The British themselves desired to build the proposed dam at Lake Tsana, but the Abyssinian government, fearful of falling further under foreign control, refused to grant them a concession and, in 1927, entered into negotiations with American interests to carry out the project. It was held up until this year by refusal of the British Foreign Office to give its consent to the undertaking. This has now been obtained, and the J. G. White Engineering Corporation of New York will make the preliminary surveys next October for a motor road and dam at Lake Tsana, the project to be financed upon the basis of a contract to supply water to the Sudanese government.

Control of the Nile water is thus practically vested in the power that controls the Sudan, claimed jointly by Britain and Egypt. Hence the breakdown of the London conference over the inability of the delegates to reach an agreement on this question; hence the withdrawal of the Egyptian delegation with the declaration by Premier Nahas Pasha: "We refuse to sign away the Sudan."

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Good Little Boys of Science

SUCCESS, the heaven of the modern world, is gained, like any other heaven, through the worship of gods. The new deities, business and science, constitute perhaps the strangest pair in the history of worship. And devotion to the latter is perhaps the strangest of all devotions, not only because the high priests and the votaries at large serve vastly different gods under the same name, but because both priests and laity serve gods of their own creation, while the deity of their ancestors lies chained in a dead heaven.

The man in the street worships science because it facilitates cheaper production of better radios, because it is magic which in time will give him everything he desires. It has already given him many new comforts, better health and more years in which to enjoy them. But comfort pays poor dividends in content, and universal happiness is still the nebulous figment of fancy it has always been.

It is not the purpose of this article to elaborate the obvious fact that the tangible gifts of science are valued far above their worth. It is rather to scrutinize, at the risk of impiety, but in the hope of better mental health, the god of the man in the laboratory. The "American Men of Science," fattening with each new edition until now it is as compendious and approximately as exclusive as the telephone directory of a large city, gives the roll call of the high priests of science in this country. With varying degrees of grace these men and women pour oblations to a stern deity, who may vouchsafe the joy of a great discovery and the Nobel award, but is more apt to acknowledge a lifetime of meaningless drudgery with one scant footnote of recognition in some unread tome of the future.

The mysterious genius who unlocks the secrets of nature, the devil who destroys with a chuckle the revered principles of the righteous, the master mind of transcendent power, the demigod who is the scientist of our romantic imagination—where is he? Certainly not in the laboratories we visit. We find there only human beings like ourselves, varying as the rest of us vary through the long range of human personality, but unified as we all are unified by the fundamental human emotions. These priests of science are driven by fear and hope just as we are. They differ from us only in the strange objects of their fear and hope.

Rarely we find among them children grown up, curious about nature, heedless or unaware of the philosophical implications of their discoveries, fretfully driving the slow nag of induction to the shadowland they call truth. More often we find adults, their childhood long abandoned, driven by the compulsion of their strange cult to tasks both futile and endless. We find the man grown old and blind over his microscope. With the only life he could be sure of, he has investigated the mysteries of an invisible world, at times with fervor, at times with grim determination. No doubt he found some beauty there, some human values. He is nearly finished now, but the task is just begun. He regrets that life is short and that so few recognize the importance of the algæ. But he is happy in the thought that those who do, and those who will, must conjure with his name and work. That he is profoundly ignorant of everything but algæ seldom troubles him as it does his family, who regard him with more love than understanding.

We find, too, the young candidate for the doctorate, faithfully "doing research." His problem requires the utmost patience, infinite care. He is counting and comparing the hairs on the legs of grasshoppers. When he is finished, he will have a start toward the coveted position of "authority." The world will eventually have to come to him on the subject of grasshoppers. But that is a distant goal. More directly he will have a thesis, which, by a quaint American custom, will be thought the proper preparation for the life of scholar and educator.

Old and young alike, the devotees of "pure science" are everywhere toiling over tasks many of which are so utterly devoid of significance that even an occasional scientist will admit it. All sorts of odds and ends of phenomena are catalogued and experimented upon. Many of the men who do this are most untiring and painstaking workmen. They labor in the most approved scientific manner, with no preconceived beliefs to which they harmonize selected facts. They allow the work to carry them where it will and it carries them too often, alas, nowhere. They begin with no axes to grind and they end with no axes ground. But they seldom fail to publish accounts of their labors, which result in a flood of little papers that are swamping and destroying our libraries of science.

Such contributions are almost invariably dressed up in words both complicated and absurd. Shorn of their verbal whiskers, they would quake and die on the spot, but instead they are shelved in the archives to expire with dignity. If you are interested enough to scrutinize one in passing, and impertinent enough to question its *raison d'être,* you will meet strong protectors for the puny offspring. Not only the parent, who naturally loves his child, but nearly the whole world of science will tell you that from just such "disinterested" investigations have often come valuable practical results; that someone must do the groundwork for the scientific structure; that the Rome of a great scientific achievement is neither to be built in a day nor

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through the efforts of one person. Although this argument may have no remote bearing on the contribution in question, it will probably silence you with its general plausibility. It has silenced the doubts of the workers themselves, even though in their hearts they must recognize it as a sophistry. For the simple truth is that the average laborer in pure science neither desires nor believes that his work will have practical results, and as for the large philosophical goal supposed to be lurking beyond the minutiæ with which his daily labors are concerned, he either cannot or dare not see it.

There was a time when men of leisure, curious about nature, dug with enthusiasm and with no thought of personal gain for the answers to her riddles. The romance of discovery and the thrill of generalization were warmer in their hearts than the fear of ridicule and the desire for position. They were amateurs. Charles Darwin in organic evolution, Mendel in genetics, William Smith in stratigraphic geology, to mention but a few of the giants of the last century, each revolutionized the branch of science to which he was dedicated. Each was beyond the clammy clutch of professionalism. First neglect, then adulation, came to them from organized science, but to both they were equally indifferent. They and their kind were the men who blazed the first adequate trails into the unknown.

It would be fatuous to imply that no men of great creative imagination and disinterestedness walk in the ranks of organized science today. Our Loebs and Michelsons and Chamberlins would belie such an implication. Nor can it be reasonably implied that every scientist under a different system would attain to the stature of a Darwin. Scientists, like other human beings, are of unequal natural endowments. But it can be argued on good grounds that our strong men of modern science are strong in spite of the organization which only superficially has produced them, and that some of the weaker ones might be stronger, others absent, under a different system or no system at all.

Take, for example, the case of Jack Brown. As a boy he roamed his native hills along the Mississippi in southern Minnesota. His eyes and ears were alert, his mind curious. In time he knew the names of a great variety of song and water birds and something of their habits. He could name the trees and shrubs at any season and could take you to places where fossil shells were abundant in the shale and limestone rocks. Before he was graduated from high school he read the "Origin of Species," and he was fired with the desire to learn more about evolution, to understand something of the origin and development of the natural objects whose names he knew.

He went to college and studied physics, chemistry, biology, geology. Soon a professor took notice of his great enthusiasm and started him on research. In the summer he gathered large quantities of shells from the mud of his native river. In the winter he classified them with the help of the professor and the books in the college library, giving the proper name to each type of shell already named in the books, creating new names for those types he could not find described. He wrote careful descriptions of everything he saw, until after many months of labor he had enough new observations to constitute a paper. The museum connected with the college published it, and Jack Brown was launched upon a scientific career.

Although the paper was a very thin memento of the hours of hard and often dull work, although only two of the fifty scientists to whom he sent reprints acknowledged them in writing, Mr. Jack Brown was happy. During the long hours of labor he had absorbed some of the spirit of scientific inquiry. The quiet enthusiasm of the professor and his almost neurotic honesty in observation won the heart of the student. There was talk about truth, the goal and ideal of the real scientist, and Mr. Jack Brown exulted in the realization that he had already added a particle of truth to the granary of knowledge. Thus one of the great illusions of the cult of pure science took root in his mind, an illusion as pervasive in the scientific world as the odor of formaldehyde, the confusion of facts with truth.

Slowly Mr. Brown was molded to the shape of a scientist. His passion was two-edged, to publish papers which although unread would give him a position in the profession, and to avoid mistakes which would bring ridicule and lack of confidence from his fellow scientists. Although he lost the desire to understand the meaning of the phenomena he studied and catalogued, he learned the art of couching his observations in the obscure lingo of his craft. With the help of bad English and worse Latin he walled his work entirely from the scrutiny of the outside world, as well as from the too critical inspection of his fellows. When his alma mater finally crowned him with the bachelorhood, he had published three papers. Piled up, they rose a meager quarter of an inch above the table top. He sighed as he compared them with the stack of reprints his professor had given him, fully a foot high. But he rolled up his sleeves and went to it, first to the master's, then to the doctor's, degree, then to a minor teaching position with a large university.

Today Dr. John Brown is forty and associate professor. He is one of six authorities on recent crustacea. The other five are older, and by the time he is sixty, Professor Brown has a good chance of being the leader in his field. He labors ten hours a day. He has never ventured an opinion that could not be proved in six different ways. His work has been mentioned in the papers of other conchologists, and he is a member of the proper societies. An older professor named a genus of crabs for him, a high honor. Professor Brown was pleased, even though the genus was composed of degenerate forms without eyes.

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In the university Professor Brown is a slow, laborious, cautious lecturer. He qualifies every statement. The romance of science has slowly died under his binoculars, and only an ascetic devotion to routine description of phenomena is left. He cannot fire the imagination of his students with the cold ashes of his personality. Yet he is not only tolerated by the authorities, but highly respected. As long as his reprints show a healthy annual growth, regardless of what is in them, he is doing his full duty.

At home his wife is sweet and subdued. She keeps roomers to add a little to their small income. She never complains. She exults with Jack at each new honor. During the long winter evenings when the children are in bed and Jack is in the laboratory, she stokes the furnace and reads romantic novels.

When Professor Brown is sixty, head of the department, president of the Conchological Society of America, world authority on crustacea, he will probably turn philosophical. At the invitation of a magazine of wide general circulation, he will give his views on God and the universe. These will be translated into the mother tongue by the editor and handed to the world as the finest fruit of a great intellect. Because Professor Brown has grown fat and pleased with his success he will present a rosy philosophy. He will make a hit with the orthodox by failing to recognize the utterly pessimistic deductions which follow so logically from the materials of modern science. Although caution and timidity with the facts of his own subject have carried him to the position he holds today, he will make most reckless and dogmatic statements in a field of which he is profoundly ignorant. But he will be a great scientist, and despite the opinion of a few philosophers and sophisticates, he will become a great theologian as well.

Not all professional scientists are nincompoops in spirit and imagination. But it is the opinion of the author, himself a professional scientist, that they are urged by the forces in their environment to become so. From the beginning to the end, scientists in universities, museums, state and federal bureaus are lashed into publication either to hold their jobs or to obtain better ones. If they make a hasty observation or venture a theory that proves fallacious, they are lashed again. Between the desire for recognition and the fear of ridicule they must choose a middle course. They are not all geniuses, and it takes a genius to find three or four new things of real significance to say each year. It is not at all remarkable that so many are devoted to the insignificant.

Trivial experiments proving something new which nobody ever thought worth trying to prove before, observations and catalogues of obscure and trivial phenomena, even occasionally cleverly manipulated old data and cleverly disguised old results —these are an all too plentiful portion of the output of our scientific presses today. They are the logical result of the loss of the amateur spirit which came with the standardization of the instinct of curiosity, and the natural human desire of the individual to rise in the mummery of his group.

But the atmosphere within the walls of professionalism is not entirely responsible for these evils. Science in the form of method, as well as in that of results, has seeped into the affairs of men, clarifying and simplifying the world's work. It is deservedly popular. But it is too popular for its own good health. Many young men and even some young women have been flocking to the universities, filled with romantic fancies about science and romantic desires to become scientists. From cities and towns, mining camps, farms and oil fields they flow in an ever widening flood. In the days of our grandfathers these people did not attend college. They became plumbers, carpenters, miners, drillers. Under the false promise of democracy they discard their dungarees and step into the hungry furnace of a professional school. They come out branded as sanitary, civil, mining, agricultural and petroleum engineers.

Unfortunately for the doctrine of human equality, many of these ambitious ones fail. It is not their fault. Each one of us wants the moon. It is not our fault if those of wider sophistication do not warn us that we cannot get it. Each year our professional schools, by opening their doors to all who knock, are turning large numbers of potentially good skilled workmen into actually bad professional men. It is a sad but obvious fact that the blood of humanity is not rich enough to furnish so many minds adequate to these high callings.

From this flood of well meaning, hard working, but only modestly endowed young people, a small but equally steady stream escapes the professional schools and pours into the departments of pure science. Through almost unbelievable toil these people become doctors of philosophy in everything imaginable. They have all the patience and willingness for self-abnegation necessary to the life of a scientist, but they lack the depth of insight, the creative imagination and the courage without which no scientific result of any significance can be attained. It is they who succumb most readily to the fears and vain ambitions of their cult. It is they, when they grow older and gain positions of authority over younger men who accept most uncritically the status quo and entrench these false values. It is very largely they and their kind before them, the good little boys of science, who darken the sun with their trivial little observations, who strangle imagination with their little fears, who erect a materialistic heaven of empty little honors.

The cure for a disease is sometimes suggested in the diagnosis. Without in any way intending to belittle many men who are yearly making important additions to the knowledge of the physical universe, this writer would like to suggest that what science needs perhaps more than anything else is fewer

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men better chosen. This means barring the ambitious incompetent at the beginning. The driller from the oil field who has come to college to become a geologist must be told, if he lacks intellect, imagination and good judgment, that no amount of study, not even a pair of whipcord trousers and a Brunton compass, will turn him into a geologist. Many teachers shirk this responsibility, because it is hard to shatter the hopes, however absurd, of any human being. But in the long run it will save the man the inevitable defeat that awaits him on the field of industry, just as it would save pure science, if he should turn to that, the burden of another inadequate intellect.

Hardly less important is the need for a new outlook in the teaching of science. Teaching is no longer a respected occupation in our universities. Such heavy emphasis has been placed upon productive scholarship that the necessary forerunner of good instruction is almost overlooked. And good teaching is more than the accurate presentation of unrelated facts. The whole training of the teaching scientist has whittled his interests to such a sharp point that he forgets the size of the block whence they were hewn. The day of the universal scholar is gone. The nature of modern science demands narrow specialization in research. But the future of science demands that the specialist who is also a teacher become a far better teacher than he now is. He must give more time to the inspection of larger views than those he sees through the aperture of his microscope. He must develop his creative imagination. He must learn not only the accurate but also the vivid use of language. In a word, he must become philosopher and artist when he faces his undergraduate audience. The most desirable possible recruits to science in that audience are not to be moved by cold facts, but by imagination, enthusiasm, breadth of view. Unless he acquires these qualities, he will not only continue to be the worst teacher on the faculty, but he will continue to lose for his cause many of the most promising potential candidates.

There have always been three types of mind interested in the phenomena and laws of nature. At the bottom are the collectors, namers and cataloguers, who, like the blue jay, are interested in gathering and arranging for their own sake. Like the blue jay, they perform a necessary but undistinguished function in the work of their world. On top are the synthesizers who weave facts into a pattern with a meaning. These are the Darwins, the Michelsons of science. With them should be the teachers, the Huxleys who stimulate the imagination and ambition of the young and interpret for the world at large the purpose of science. Unfortunately these types are almost never combined in one individual. Modern science has many cataloguers, not nearly so many synthesizers, and almost no teachers really worthy of the title. She will continue overloaded at the bottom until she develops more effective teachers. One Louis Agassiz with all his mistakes would do more good for modern science than fifty of the most flawless cataloguers who ever spread ordered dullness through a museum of natural history.

With such changes at the source, other changes would be felt all along the way. In time we should have many more men of science, who, like so many English scientists, are not only well trained but also well educated. Such men do not ordinarily allow the trees to obscure the forest. They do not ordinarily involve themselves in avoidable futility. They do not work at meaningless tasks with the vague expectation that some day a genius will come who can fit their findings into a larger pattern. Because they love facts, not for their bulk but for their meaning, they grope for these patterns themselves. They often fail because nature yields no easy victories. But they fail intelligently.

With a broadening of the horizon of the individual scientist would come a better coördination of interest and purpose. Mere busy work would cease because the attitude toward it would change from piety to ridicule. Contributions would be judged, not merely by their newness and their trueness, but also by their significance. Once let significance become the measuring rod of scientific production, and the evils decried in this paper would melt like mist in the morning sun. All the little fears, the little hopes, the little mutual admiration societies with their medals, titles and pompous emptiness, the little quarrels, the little meaningless papers, the little boys themselves, would depart for greener pastures. The men who remained would love truth more than fame, and would risk a mistake because they would know that he who never makes a mistake, never makes anything. They would not fear the opinion of people in superior positions, because, desiring nothing for themselves, they would not recognize the importance of position.

This, of course, is a dream and not a prediction. But only through dreams does humanity gain its improvements.

JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR.

Quiet Night

The moonlight breathes upon the windless hill
A quiet so intense some nested bird
Awakened by a mate-call never heard
Warbles a note, and falters, and is still—

And so the hush falls deeper in its trance,
While all the stolid, motley shapes of day
Appareled now in black on frosty gray
Assume the graces of a posture dance.

No night so quiet ever was for sleep.
Star follows star upon its watchman's rounds,
And in earth's turning a mute rhythm sounds
That with my bloodbeat has a tryst to keep.

HELEN MCAFEE.

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After Divorce—What?

PERHAPS no phenomenon of modern life, at least in this country, has attracted so much attention and has called for so much discussion as the phenomenon of divorce. And yet scarcely any other subject is discussed so much with so little verifiable information to back up the discussions. One is tempted to say that divorce statistics are the only bright spot in the entire field of this dismal science, but the searchlight that plays upon this spot is always a colored one, depending upon the emotional reaction of those who endeavor to throw the light. Thus divorce appears to some as proof conclusive of a complete breakdown of all social standards, and to others, who vociferously acclaim the "bankruptcy of marriage," as the great hope for liberation of the individual, particularly the individual in skirts, no matter how short or long.

Everybody talks divorce statistics. Everybody seems to be able to quote the latest figures, but there is not one in a thousand who has grasped their true meaning.

May not, therefore, a professional social statistician inject himself into the discussion with an unbiased presentation of facts that are facts?

How frequent is divorce?—To begin with, while everybody—and this includes the most profound writers on the subject—quotes divorce statistics, almost nobody has realized the true frequency of divorce. We are told that there were only 27,919 divorces in 1887, and 180,853 in 1926—more than a sixfold increase in less than forty years; but of course population has also grown during that period. But what is the true divorce rate? Government reports have popularized the comparison between divorces and marriages as an easy and convenient method, but it is altogether misleading. We are told that in 1887 there were 5.5 divorces for every 100 marriages performed, and in 1926, 15 divorces per 100 marriages. Conversely, the same numerical relationship may be expressed as follows: There was, in 1887, 1 divorce for every 18 marriages performed, and in 1926, 1 divorce per 6.7 marriages. The statement is accurate as far as it goes, but precisely what does it mean? The usual interpretation has been that in 1887, 1 out of every 18 marriages ended in divorce, and in 1926, 1 out of every 6.7, but of course the figures mean nothing of the kind. Obviously there is no relationship, or almost none, between the marriages and divorces of the same year, for few divorces take place during the first year of married life.

But what the public is interested in, what the scientific student would like to determine, is the true probability of divorce. As the layman mingles within his own social circle he may speculate with a great deal of curiosity as to who is next, but as the social student observes the life of the group, he is interested in determining what proportion of all those happily married couples is likely or sure to end in the divorce court.

How is one to tell? The layman may shrug his shoulders. "The future," as an oriental proverb has it, "is hid in the darkness of uncertainty," but after all no more than the future incidence of deaths. One should not want to speculate as to the probable time of death of one's personal friends, but future mortality can be estimated fairly accurately. Such an estimate in regard to divorce has been made by the writer. This is no place to explain all the technical details of the computation, though the process of reasoning is a very simple one. Obviously there are only two ways in which marriages can legally be dissolved, either through death or through divorce (the latter including annulment), and nothing is more certain than the fact that sooner or later each marriage must be dissolved—"morally through death, or immorally through divorce." The number of divorces is known. The number of deaths among married persons, though not given in official mortality reports, can be computed with a great degree of approximation. The proportion between the two methods indicates the probability of divorce. Going back only a comparatively short period to 1910, only 12 percent of all dissolved marriages were dissolved through divorce. In 1915, 14.5 percent; in 1920, 21.7 percent; in 1925, 22 percent; and at present the proportion is likely to approach 25 percent.

Just what does that mean? It means that out of every four marriages dissolved, only three are dissolved through death, and one through divorce. One to three, and fifteen or twenty years ago, only one to seven. One is inclined to suggest an amendment of the marriage formula, "until death do us part," to read, "Until death in 75 percent of cases or divorce in 25 percent of cases do us part," with the further hopeful suggestion that the percentage, which has been increasing for some forty years, is likely further to increase in the future.

What is the fundamental significance of these figures? Only this: that when we are dealing with the phenomenon applying at least to one-fourth of our married population, divorce cannot be regarded as a sin, a crime, a disgrace, or even a misfortune, but as an ordinary, rather commonplace occurrence to which all our social and economic conditions must be adjusted. The question, "Why divorce?"

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may remain one of theoretical interest, and perhaps even practical importance, but nevertheless a question of more immediate pressing importance, is, "What comes after?"

The mid-Victorian novel or drama usually concluded with the wedding bells. (In passing, it is curious to observe that the contemporary movie or talkie still abides by this classic formula. It is hardly scientific to explain it by calling the leading lights of the Hollywood industry morons or dumbbells. It is more likely that instinctively they sense that the primitive aspiration toward wedding bells is still an overpowering one in the millions upon millions who fill our temples of the silver screen.) The sophisticated writer of fiction or Broadway shows, having made the startling discovery that marriage does not settle anything, prefers to begin with marriage and end with divorce. Obviously, even he has not yet learned to understand that no more than marriage is divorce necessarily the final chapter in the "American tragedy."

After divorce, what?—What becomes of our divorced men and women? Here again arithmetic appears to be as helpful as law, religion or psychology, and perhaps even more so.

There were, in the period from 1890 to 1899, 408,000 divorces; from 1900 to 1909, 631,000; from 1910 to 1919, 1,056,000—a total of 2,095,000 divorces. Since it so happens that there are always two persons involved in a divorce, it means that 4,190,000 people had obtained their divorce decrees in the thirty-year period between 1890 and 1919. Having obtained this somewhat startling information, the statistician turns to the huge tome of the United States Census Report for 1920 (those for 1930, unfortunately, not yet being available), and very much to his amazement finds that in that year there were registered only 235,000 male divorcés and 275,000 female divorcées, a total of 510,000 persons divorced.

What became of the difference between 4,190,000 and 510,000? What became of the 3,680,000 persons who had been divorced during this thirty-year period and are not found in the census of 1920? Have they all died of a broken heart? The hypothesis would hardly harmonize with the general observations as to the mental status of divorced persons. Some died, of course. Their number, though not given anywhere, can be computed with a fair degree of accuracy, taking into consideration the age distribution and the usual mortality rates. My computation indicates that the number of such deaths is probably not in excess of 200,000. Roughly, therefore, during those thirty years, out of 4,200,000 persons granted divorce, about 500,000 remained divorced, about 200,000 died, and as to what happened to the remaining 3,500,000, there should be no two guesses. Seemingly unmindful of Calverton's conclusive proof of the bankruptcy of marriage, seemingly forgetful of the terrible restraint upon the quest for freedom which marriage imposes, seemingly disappointed in the newly acquired freedom, they have again assumed the unholy chains of matrimony. In percentages the figures mean that out of every hundred persons, five died, fifteen remained divorced, and eighty married again. As a matter of fact, more carefully computed, the data are even more favorable to the second marriage, for the 510,000 persons registered as "divorced" in 1920 consisted mostly of recent divorcés, and most of them were fated to marry in the near future. A careful computation, taking into consideration the number of divorced persons in the beginning and at the end of each year, the number of divorced persons dying during the year, and the number of persons aquiring their new but obviously short-lived freedom, shows that more than 90 percent of divorcés marry again. There is no getting away from these figures. So the matter, it would seem, could be disposed of in a very few words.

Question: What comes after divorce? Answer: Second marriage, or third, or fourth, as the case may be.

Still, the figures do not solve the whole question. Is it only because of disappointment in the state of matrimonial bondage that people seek divorce? Is it only because of disappointment in the state of newly acquired single blessedness that people remarry? A more detailed analysis of the available statistics indicates that from 35 percent to 40 percent of divorced people marry again within one year of the divorce. Between 60 percent and 65 percent have married again within five years from the time of divorce, and nearly eighty percent within ten years. These figures must be interpreted in the light of the fact that in a great many states the law requires a certain period between the granting of the decree and the consummation of a new marriage contract.

The conclusion is inevitable that "what comes after divorce" is frequently taken into consideration before divorce is asked for. Now of course there is a lot of official misinformation, all arranged in columns and tables, as to the causes of divorce, but without going into any too profuse and subtle philosophic disquisitions on the exact meaning of the terms "cause," "reason," "legal basis," "object" or "purpose," one cannot help being extremely skeptical about these "official causes" of divorce. Conditions of married life do not fluctuate very essentially as between one state and another, but causes of divorce curiously do, always in accord with the particular divorce legislation. Cruelty, desertion, drunkenness, gross neglect of duty, neglect to provide, incompatibility and, of course, adultery and a great many other factors are mentioned. But when the latest data are compared with the earliest reports, one finds a rapid increase in the proportion of divorces granted for cruelty, and a reduction in the divorces granted for

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adultery. Does it indicate that at present the unsuccessfully married are guilty of greater cruelty and less adultery? Without subscribing to the doctrine of the bankruptcy of marriage, one is nevertheless justified in assuming that exactly the opposite is true. A much larger proportion of divorces granted to husbands are based upon adultery, while the wives base theirs primarily upon charges of cruelty. Can it possibly mean that wives are more frequently guilty of adultery, and husbands have become more cruel? If one is to judge by the statistics of causes of divorce, then in the mountain and Pacific divisions of the country, the real hotbeds of divorce, where the rate is at least double that of the rest of the country, hardly an adultery seems to occur. Drunkenness appears as a popular cause of divorce only in Illinois. Illustrations of this character, both as to sex, time and place can be multiplied indefinitely, but enough has been said to show that as far as disclosing the true situation of married life is concerned, statistics of causes of divorce are certainly not worth the time required for their compilation. If the law were to ask "What for?" instead of "Why?"—and if but the truth were told! But what statistics fail to show directly, they have shown indirectly through the facts of remarriage of divorced persons.

And then there are other interesting conclusions to be derived from divorce statistics. What is the meaning, for instance, of the fact that seven-eighths of all divorces are granted without any contest from the sued or guilty party, without any effort to disprove those seemingly serious charges of drunkenness, cruelty, adultery or desertion? What is the meaning of the interesting fact that only in one out of eight cases is alimony asked for, and in only one out of eleven is alimony granted—a startling fact in view of the general impression that alimony is the real purpose of divorce.

If the meaning of divorce is not the breakdown of marriage as an institution, but only of individual marriages; if the purpose of divorce is not, as is sometimes naïvely claimed, the woman's desire for intellectual and emotional freedom, but only her desire to escape from the particular ties which have become irksome, accompanied by the desire to substitute other more pleasant ties, then the question, "After divorce, what?" loses a great deal of its gravity.

I. M. RUBINOW.

Waste—The Future of Prosperity

This essay is dedicated to Mr. Henry Ford, who is planning to spend a hundred million dollars on our education. Would that we had as much to spend on his.—K. B.

ON THE subject of health, C.-E. A. Winslow says in "Whither Mankind": "Perhaps the once-born is a man with a constant excess of some vital hormone; the twice-born, a man with an intermittent supply; the confirmed doubter, a man with a permanent deficiency. Perhaps hope and courage will some day be controllable by chemical or psychiatric means." Do not these pregnant sentences justify us in looking forward to the day when the constructive attitude can be maintained by a simple medical injection? It even seems possible that if our troublesome doubter Voltaire had been got hold of in time and given hormone-insufficiency pills in childhood, he might have become a regular Bishop Cannon. We dare look forward to an unending upward market, unimpeded by any intermittent deficiency of the appropriate hormone such as took place in Wall Street last October. The day may come when a loss of financial confidence will be looked upon, not as a problem in economics, but as a lapse in hygiene.

It is in the light of the encouragement offered by such considerations as the above that the present essay is written. They are but secondary, however, to a more positive cause for hope—indeed, the one *overwhelming, undeniable and irrefutable cause for hope*—which lies in the doctrines of Henry Ford. We refer to his doctrine that the well-being of the world rests upon the prosperity of increased production and increased consumption. More and more every year, under the guidance of Mr. Ford, our people are being taught to buy what they don't need and to replace it before it is worn out. When this process of education is complete, we may hope to see erected the most prosperous civilization in the history of man. To Mr. Henry Ford we owe the discovery that our national welfare depends upon attaining the maximum rate of destruction of our national resources. The more we learn to use what we do not need, the greater our consumption; the greater our consumption, the greater our production; and the greater our production, the greater our prosperity.

This discovery of Mr. Henry Ford should be called the Theory of the Economic Value of Waste. If people can be educated to the full realization of their function as wasters, if they can be taught to throw things away before they are worn out, the demand for these discarded commodities will be enormously increased, and our rate of production can be doubled, tripled, quadrupled, what you will. If people can be taught to waste enough, they can be kept busy for at least eighteen hours a day replacing the wasted commodities. By this system business *need never face a saturation point. For,*

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though there is a limit to what a man can use, there is no limit whatever to what he can waste. The amount of production possible in a properly wasteful society is thus seen to be enormous.

Due to Mr. Ford's discovery, we have come to see that culture resides, not in leisure, but in work. The antiquated belief that there is any pleasure in a spare moment, a belief which was ruinous to the best interests of our full industrial flowering, has been exploded. It is now an exploded belief. We realize now that culture resides in *prosperity,* that prosperity is the outgrowth of *production,* that production can only follow *consumption,* that the maximum consumption is made possible by the maximum possible *waste,* and therefore that *culture depends upon a maximum of waste.* (At least until there is nothing more to waste.)

"The old Periclean law," says Mr. Julius Klein, "gave each Athenian the right to own five slaves. It has been calculated that every inhabitant of the United States has today at his disposal the power equivalent of 150 slaves." All he has to do is see to it that these slaves don't do him out of a job. *We have simply to make sure that the increase in the number of labor-saving devices does not shorten the hours of labor.* Thus, when a man is thrown out of work by the introduction of a new machine for the manufacture of a necessary article, we must set him to work manufacturing some article hitherto unnecessary. If all our people are to be kept straining at their jobs, the duty of the public as wasters becomes obvious. The system is simple: one man's extra radio is another man's bread. It is as clear as the nose on Mr. Ford's face.

But by expanding this principle, we find even greater encouragement. For long we have worried about war, driven by a pre-industrial feeling that war is the enemy of mankind. But by the theory of the economic value of waste we find that war is the basis of culture. War is our great economic safety-valve. For if waste lets up, if people simply won't throw out things fast enough to create new needs in keeping with the increased output under improved methods of manufacture, we always have recourse to the still more thoroughgoing wastage of war. An intelligently managed war can leave whole nations to be rebuilt, thus providing work at peak productivity for millions of the surviving population.

Production can be further increased, however, by developing better methods of deterioration. This aspect of industry is still in its infancy, but its first baby steps have undeniably been taken. Let us consider some of the progress already made in our better grasp of deterioration as an aid to prosperity, and thus indirectly to culture. Before the modern era, the attempt was made to invent a razor blade that would be durable and permanently efficient, outlasting year after year of stubborn stubble. *Now,* experts with the good of the country at heart are seriously at work upon the problem of producing a blade which will afford one perfect shave and then completely refrain, being henceforth not even good for corns. As the consumption and production of blades is mounting into staggering figures, it is to these rapidly deteriorating blades that we owe the creation of hundreds of thousands of hours of unnecessary labor. Whole countrysides have been fed on razor blades. To make the matter graphic: in the Dark Ages a man bought one razor in a lifetime; under the new system, he practically buys a brand-new razor once a week.

Similarly, we may look forward to the day when the automobile is properly adapted to modern needs. And when this Automobile of the Future becomes a reality, what will we have? Not our present economically cumbersome mechanism, which lies about the market sometimes for a whole decade, and often still gives service at the end of that time! No, the Car of the Future will give super-performance for twelve months, attaining speeds three times the maximum limit permitted by any state in the Union; it will be as sensitive to the touch, as responsive, as a thoroughbred or a sweetheart—and yet this perfection will not be a menace to our prosperity, for of a sudden, at the end of the twelve months, preferably at the time of the annual automobile show, this car will fall into a thousand pieces, a kind of Eighty-one-horse Shay. It will thus be removed from the market forever.

Likewise in the building trade a higher moral tone is being manifested. The large contractor is coming to consider not only his own interests, but the interests of industry in general. As one big man in this business, when discussing this improved commercial ethics, expressed the situation to me: "We contractors, we architects and engineers, are coming to be moved by one firm, undeviating principle: this principle is that the man who builds a skyscraper to last for more than forty years is a traitor to the building trade." At present, he said, the full effects of this morality were still obscured, as most of the buildings had not been standing long enough, and some of the earlier ones were built before business had developed its present conscience. But in time these effects will come to make themselves felt—beginning probably with detached pieces of the cornice.

We shall cite but two other important causes of hope for our culture of mounting production: restriction of immigration and the increase of divorce. By limiting immigration we prevent great hordes from sharing in the prosperity of production, while still permitting them to share in our consumption. This avoids somewhat the present difficulty of a nation getting prosperous by selling to itself. The increase of divorce is to be heralded because it generally involves buying two sets of furniture where one had served before. We might say with authority that the hopes of further expansion in the lumbering industry depend directly upon our prospects of a steadily rising divorce rate.

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It must, by this time, have become obvious to all right-thinking persons that no system of maximum prosperity is possible without prohibiting the use of water for drinking purposes. The amount of labor that goes into the production and supplying of water is lower than that required for any other beverage. A man who drinks five glasses of water a day is in practice conducting a war of extermination upon all dairymen, soda-jerkers and bootleggers. If the population can be educated to consume this same amount of liquid per day under some manufactured form, the consumption of manufactured beverages will immediately be increased over 1,000 percent.

The public may, of course, resist—and this brings us to the matter of prohibition. Water drinking may have to be prohibited by law. This will mean new crimes, and new crimes will mean new criminals. For a time it seemed as though our legislators were making new crimes faster than the states could build prisons to house the new criminals. But many recent prison riots have brought the problem squarely before the public eye, and we dare hope that the situation will shortly be remedied. The state can well afford much larger appropriations for the building of prisons than it now devotes to this purpose. And as enlightened public opinion impresses its wishes more and more firmly upon our administrators, it is to be hoped that prison building will be speeded up proportionately. Indeed, much progress has already been made within the last few months; and we may assert with confidence that the prison accommodations will soon be *ahead* of our legislatures. These legislatures may then proceed unimpeded to the formulation of still other crimes, putting many acts upon the statute books which are not even suspected by the general public as criminal at present. And many seemingly small offenses, now listed as misdemeanors, can be promoted to the rank of felonies, with consequent longer terms of imprisonment for offenders. Thus, the prisons will soon be amply ready for any legislative advance, and the prohibition of water can then become a reality. Some may deny that it would be immediately successful, but none who has looked into the facts can deny that it would be a noble experiment. Furthermore, we must not become too smug; we must not be too complacent with our present state of progress. We must remember that the prohibition of water is but a rudimentary advance—there are still many, many more appetites and bodily pleasures to be legislated against.

Nor must we think that industrial progress has interfered with religion. For we may behold the rise of a new priesthood, in the purveyors of propaganda. To every man engaged in producing a commodity, there are at least a hundred engaged in selling it. We can make anything, but getting it into the home is another matter. There is publicity, there is "educational advertising," there is lobbying. For there is more money in the swaying of opinion than ever before. A company used to spend, say, five thousand dollars to change the mind of a Senator. Now it thinks nothing of spending fifty thousand to change the minds of his constituents. This all means jobs, jobs for the priesthood.

We recognize that there are many who still have a sentimental attachment to the quiet little village of the past. Such villages were undeniably pretty, with the dirt road winding by the old mill, and all that. We even grant that Mr. Ford, and other thinkers of the same caliber, have been greatly responsible for their passing. But here, too, we can silence the adverse critic. The sleepy little village is not gone. It may be lost to Ford buyers, but the great Ford Maker has been able to purchase one all for himself. So nothing has been lost after all.

Are there still doubters? Are there readers, for instance, who doubt whether things of the mind can flourish in such a society as we have been picturing? For those who feel that spiritual welfare marks the test of a civilization, let us consider the position of the indigent sage in this social scheme, the man who knows positively that he has wisdom and even more positively that he has damned little money. We believe that this indigent sage faces a greater opportunity for the good life than ever before. Let us see his method of survival in operation. Looking about him, our indigent sage notes that all his stupider fellows are victimized by the doctrine of obsolescence, and are kept busy buying new models of every imaginable commodity while their old models are still in thoroughly serviceable condition. To these barbarians, these savages victimized by the most inexorable of psychological laws, the Law of Keeping Up with the Joneses, there is no choice but to go on buying and buying. But what are these barbarians, these savages, to do with their old models which, though in perfect condition, are practically worthless from the social point of view? Here is where the opportunity for the sage comes in—and by a mere gaudy trinket, a string of beads, a rabbit's foot, he purchases from the savages their discarded wealth. Being alone of all men protected from the full force of the Law of Keeping Up with the Joneses, he can proceed to equip himself for a song. And so we dare envisage our indigent sage surrounded by a kingdom of last year's grandeur: old-model nose straighteners, antiquated breeds of mechanical horses, mission-style electric toasters, Alpine sun lamps lacking yodel attachments, cars with a diving girl in a red bathing suit, unfinished correspondence courses, remaindered best sellers, old calendars, evening clothes without "moderne" buttonholes, "No parking here" paper weights, explosive cigars, radio-phonographico-pianos without Neo-Novo Nevaware buffet-lunch inserts. When heretofore could the philosopher without means—and was there ever a philosopher with means?—entertain such hopes of surrounding himself with all these manifold re-

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sources of man's industry? When heretofore could he entertain such hopes of paralleling, as it were, in external possessions that great wealth and accumulation which in the past he has possessed but within?

One thing alone will he have to buy as it issues from the factory. Not pencils, for he can get them out of old cross-word-puzzle books; not postage stamps, for he can soak off the cancellation from used varieties; not inkwells, for the vast number of non-musical fountain pens made available by the combination fountain pen and music box, the Fountobox, will make inkwells unnecessary—but razor blades. A razor blade can never regain its usefulness, partly because of scientific deterioration and partly because it had so little to regain. So our indigent sage, rather than surrender, will probably not shave at all. What, then, will the well dressed philosopher wear? Quite simply—a beard soaked with Flit.

KENNETH BURKE.

Against Heaven[1]

The flesh cries out, but no one hears
Save Death, the deep root and the stone.
The flesh cries out for quiet ground,
But it is stitched upon the bone

And grafted to the evil brain
That drives it East and drives it West.
The flesh turns; it would go home,
But by man's law it may not rest

But must be lashed until it cease
To dream of rich dust whence it came;
Whipped and torn, still must it climb
Skyward to placate a Name.

Bent like any slave, it bears
Its bitter load of heavenly sweat,
And hears like any slave the sound
Of music it cannot forget,

The trumpets of the ground, the bells
That ring in silver sinking water.
The flesh turns; it would go home:
Earth, the mother, calls her daughter.

Fighting the poison of the brain,
The drug of immortality,
The flesh calls to her ally Death
To battle with eternity.

Wrapped in roots, pillowed on stone,
With Death to guard at her pale side,
The undefeated flesh returns
To her own place, undeified.

HAROLD LEWIS COOK.

[1] This poem was published in The New Republic of October 9, and is here reprinted because of typographical errors which altered the author's meaning.

"Do You Own a Radio?"

THERE are two problems concerning the recent census which are still troubling numbers of people. First, how and why the question, "Do you own a radio?" was included in the questionnaire; and, second, why this question infuriated so many otherwise even-tempered Americans.

Certainly it was as harmless and innocent a question as you could ask anyone. In fact, it would almost seem that the census officials had included it with the praiseworthy intention of adding a general social or conversational tone to the whole dull business. It might almost have been feared that this question would set the conversational ball rolling at such a pace that the census taker for the next half hour would have to sit where he was, hearing about loud speakers, cats' whiskers and distant stations. That is, if he were not immediately dragged into the next room to investigate the hook-up for a possible short circuit.

But such, for some strange reason, was not the case at all. For when the census taker asked "Do you own a radio?" the average American displayed anything but a desire to converse. Instead of responding, "Sure I do; I got Cuba last night and it was just like that Havana band was in the next room," he became suspicious and evasive. In some cases he denied up and down that he owned a radio or had any intention of buying one. In fact, he reacted to the question as if it touched upon some extremely intimate detail of his private life. It was as if the census taker had asked, "How often do you beat your wife?" or "Are you true to your husband?"

In every way it was a most curious and unexpected reaction. Psychoanalysts might glibly explain that the radio was a mother symbol and the relation of the fan to it an incestuous one; hence, the feeling of guilt when he was asked if he owned one, guilt being manifested by anger and evasiveness, a type reaction of neurotics, etc., etc. But whether the psychoanalyst is right or not, it is certainly true that many average Americans when asked this simple question acted very much as if they had been caught doing something wrong. Their first impulse was to hide their hands behind their backs, and their second was to be angry at the government.

I think that the most obvious explanation of the radio fan's reaction was that he felt the government was taking an unfair advantage of him, and that having tricked him into admitting he owned a radio, the next thing it planned to do was to clamp a tax on receiving sets or, what would be even worse, make him pay for his radio programs. But the suspicions of the radio fans were in both respects absolutely groundless. The government cannot legally use the data gathered in the census as a basis for levying taxes, a fact which the census officials went to some trouble to explain. Neither

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does the government plan to make the radio fan pay for his programs. Free radio programs have become the inalienable right of every American, and the government could much more easily rob him of his vote than make him pay for radio entertainment.

The other problem, how and why the question, "Do you own a radio?" was included in the questionnaire, is a much more simple one to answer, but none the less interesting. It is simple to answer because the people who got the census officials to include it were precisely the people who would profit most by having it there.

But first of all, one must discount the explanation which the Radio Manufacturers' Association offered when public resentment toward the question was at its height. It will be remembered that the association in a manly way stepped forward and shouldered all responsibility for the inclusion of the now famous question. Their public confession was to a certain extent true, for the Radio Manufacturers' Association had indeed applied through the official channels to have the question asked of every man, woman and child in this country. However, the application, like so many of a similar kind, had been dropped into the waste basket and everyone forgot about it. Including, presumably, the Radio Manufacturers' Association—for, after all, statistics on how many radios were in use in this country could have little interest for them beyond satisfying their curiosity.

But there is another group to whom an exact knowledge of the size of the American radio audience is of inestimable importance: the broadcasting companies. For, like the popular magazines, broadcasting companies are supported by advertising. And, like magazines, they wish to be able to give definite and incontrovertible figures on the number of silent listeners their stations reach. They must have, on the number and distribution of radio sets, figures comparable to the circulation figures of newspapers made available through such agencies as the Audit Bureau of Circulation.

As a matter of fact, the National Broadcasting Company, realizing the need for definite statistics, had, before the national census began, already attempted to reach an approximate estimate of the number of functioning radios in this country. This company interviewed 18,000 families, and the report which was recently made public claims that more than twelve million families in this country own radio sets and that approximately 81 percent of these twelve million devote at least two of their so-called waking hours to communion with their loud speakers. But these figures are admittedly approximate, and the broadcasting companies would profit greatly by showing more convincing estimates to prospective advertisers.

However, it does prove that they were extremely eager to get hold of definite radio statistics. And we can thus learn with no great astonishment that it was they who slipped the question into the census.

To everyone privy to the intrigue and machinations which take place in the upper circles of the radio industry, the story is old hat. It seems that a go-getting gentleman connected with one of the larger broadcasting systems is, and for a long time has been, friendly with another gentleman connected with the work of the Census Bureau. One day last winter, while the census was still in the preparatory stages, these two, with other official and personal friends, sat conversing in a comfortable room in Washington. Conversation had been more or less listless and the usual subjects had been touched upon and dismissed, when someone mentioned the forthcoming census.

The work of preparing the blank had been entrusted to two or three of the gentlemen present, and naturally they were eager to receive critical comment upon it. Although it seemed complete to them, they were willing to listen to suggestions, particularly additions that might make it more valuable from a statistical point of view. Open-minded gentlemen all, they graciously, even enthusiastically, received the suggestion, proffered by the radio man, that the world really should know how many radio sets were in active service in the country. A valuable and apropos suggestion, they agreed, what with all the work the poor fellows on the radio commission had to do allotting time and wavelengths to various stations, and the vast educational projects undertaken by the Department of Commerce via the ether. All in all, it seemed a splendid idea to everyone.

So it was agreed then and there to insert the now famous question, "Do you own a radio?" among those which touched upon vital statistics. Then, with a final glass of aqua simplex and a friendly hand clasp all around, the genial group of good fellows dispersed and the copy was dispatched to the printer without another thought, certainly without any misgivings of conscience.

Not the slightest taint or odor of corruption here, you see, not the vaguest suspicion of graft, but all done in a lofty spirit of good fellowship and camaraderie. A gentlemen's agreement if there ever was one. Such are the cold facts underlying the census-radio situation. And though there is no cause for scandal or indignation, the whole affair might possibly arouse certain misgivings. For if, during the next ten years, these census officials who were so open to suggestion should enlarge their circle of friends to include gentlemen interested in other aspects of our economic and social life, what other questions might we not be asked in the next census? Would we be greeted by the census taker with a cheery "Good morning, have you used Pear's Soap?" and thereafter be asked questions of a similar nature? Do you and your family suffer from halitosis? Do you save string, or dream of flagpoles? Do you read the works of Richard Halliburton? The questionnaire could run on for ever and satisfy every friend of the census officials.

As a matter of unemotional sense, there is no

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good reason why anyone should object to answering such questions as "Do you own a radio?" or even "Do you play golf decently?" The census is the ideal means by which to gather statistical data which could be useful in many economic and sociological studies. All we are justified in expecting is that the machinery of the census shall not be utilized for purely commercial ends, and that we receive an honest explanation for the inclusion of questions which do not bear directly on the purposes of the census. This seems fair enough; but in 1940, unless this old prophet is losing his powers, neither expectation will be fulfilled. JOEL KIMBALL.

Washington Notes

I SUPPOSE that when this piece appears in print the special session of the Senate will still be wrestling with the London Treaty, though it ought not to be very much of a wrestling match. On form, the advocates of the pact ought to throw its opponents as quickly and easily as a 200-pound man throws a 115-pound one. In this case, however, the 115-pound man knows a lot of tricky holds and is as slippery as the well known greased pig, while the 200-pounder lacks heart, is short of breath and very much out of condition. Weight will tell, however, and there is every expectation that the big man will win in the end, though it is certain to be a sloppy match with considerable biting and gouging, without a clean fall and with much waste of time. Even under these conditions, the sorry show should be over in ten days, which means the middle of the month.

Meanwhile, the House has adjourned, thus for all practical purposes bringing this long and in many ways exceedingly sour session of Congress to an end. The view as you look back is not inspiring, and in the country generally the work of Congress is being criticized and condemned. Its crimes of omission and commission are many and sizable. The Senate, particularly, seems in bad odor with the people, and hardly anyone is happy except the Democrats. Democrats are always happy as they look forward, and this time they do seem to have more than usual justification for happiness, the measure of minority happiness usually being exactly equal to the misery of the majority.

It is true that, with rare exceptions, the close of every session of Congress, particularly of a session that has enacted a tariff bill, has been followed by condemnatory country-wide comment. That is the normal thing, and the facts are that this session actually has been little more futile, extravagant and wicked than most. One has but to recall the barren records of the Coolidge Congresses to appreciate this. The reasons why the special session just ended stands out as a particularly gruesome picture are quite clear and convincing. The basic cause, of course, is the acute economic distress prevailing in all sections, which inevitably creates a popular disposition to be bitter toward the government generally and resentful toward Congress especially. In good times, such as characterized the previous administration, the tendency is just the other way. Ineptitude and incompetency, willful neglect and deliberate perversion, seem trivial to a people filled with economic cream, smugly licking their lips as it pours out of the prosperity pitcher. It is when the pitcher is broken and the flow stops that the critical faculty springs to life, virile and vibrant, as it should be all the time. The second reason why this last session of Congress is regarded as specially disastrous is the effectiveness of the Democratic Committee Publicity Bureau, which for nearly a year and a half has, with practically no competition, joyfully devoted itself to smearing the tariff, smearing the administration and smearing the unfortunate Herbert. Everybody admits it has done a pretty good job of smearing.

There are plenty of other reasons for the unusually strong disfavor in which Congress is held at this time, but these two are the main ones and there is not space here to go into the others, such as Claudius Huston and the bungled legislation for veterans. It is more interesting to turn to the future and speculate concerning the outcome of the November elections. These, of course, are the real test. In them will be demonstrated whether resentment against the administration, promoted in various ways, can be translated into adverse votes amounting to a repudiation, or whether during the next four months this resentment will be sufficiently diminished to ensure a continuance of easy Republican control in House and Senate. As for the latter, there is no room for doubt that a Republican paper majority will remain, though there will be a Democratic gain of from three to six seats, which will strengthen the Democratic-Progressive coalition forces and render the administration more ineffectual there than before. The House situation is the vital thing, and the calmer Republican leaders do not disguise their apprehensions. They do not anticipate a Democratic majority and are entirely confident that they will hold a control sufficient to reëlect the Speaker and retain dominance of the House committees. They admit, however, the loss of enough seats to make impossible in the next session the sort of control exercised in this one by the Longworth machine.

They believe that, at best, the House majority will be not more than 40, which is not enough to permit the effective functioning of that organization which, with a majority of 103, has been able to ride rough shod over the minority and do what it pleased. With a Republican margin of only forty votes, it would be possible for the Democrats to form on the House side a coalition which, though not as powerful as the Longworth machine, could and would put an end to strong-arm tactics of the urbane Nicholas and frequently upset the whole administrative-legislative apple cart. This is the least the Republicans expect. The Democrats' hope and belief is that they can accomplish very much more than that. With unemployment prevalent, the tariff as an issue and the general feeling that things are not going well, they are imbued with confidence that a clear gain of more than fifty-two seats—the number required to switch House control—can be made. This confidence is based on the belief that the results of the year and a half of Hoover's administration have been sufficiently disappointing to create a strong Democratic tide that will sweep the country. It is easier for them to justify their confidence by this belief than by figures based on the individual states and districts. This latter method would make the conclusion considerably more difficult.

When you get down to the state figures, it is clear there will have to be a tide, and a strong one, before the Demo-

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crats can realize their expectation. At this time there does not seem to me to be any convincing evidence of the tidal condition. There unquestionably is a Democratic trend considerably more distinct than normal in a mid-term campaign, but that it is sufficiently strong to justify disregard of the local conditions, around which congressional contests almost always revolve, I very much doubt. Even with no marked business recovery before November, it does not appear likely. There is, I think, somewhat of a disposition on the Democrats' part to overclaim. And their belief that the voters generally want to hit Mr. Hoover personally is a little stronger than is warranted by the facts. Nevertheless, I agree that both Hoover and the Republican party will get little joy from the November results, and by no means do I think that the extreme Democratic claims can be ruled out as fantastic. Probably the situation is best summed up by the rueful reply of one of the few good politicians in Mr. Hoover's circle, who combines astuteness with loyalty. I asked this man what he thought would come out of the fall election. "Nothing good," he said.

Washington. T. R. B.

The History of the Immortals

MY FRIEND K. I. R. is a sound spirit and a friendly nature, loyal, various and inventive in her friendships. She is an inveterate theater-goer, spins across to Europe twice a year, loves it here at home in New York and on Long Island, and among books is a veritable cormorant. She adores France, where she knows some of the elderly countesses, dukes and the like; and, for a while, she enjoys staying in quiet English country houses of the best and least publicitied good families. Her heart is tender; she is not often attentive to what you happen to be saying, though when she herself talks, it is talk made quite for you, which, of course, is highly endearing. Her friends call her K. I.

We two have been sitting here at tea and she has been talking of a Patinir that she saw once in the Prado, just when who knows?—and I say I have from other days a photograph of this very picture. In the scramble of my portfolio there falls into sight not the Patinir but a picture of the Alamo, a view of the façade, the ground shining before it and the shadow of the mesquite trees scattered over the white walls, with their twisted baroque columns and windows high from the ground.

"What's that?" K. I. says.

"The Alamo," I say.

"Never heard of it."

"No? Well, then, I'd better tell you first that the Alamo was a Spanish mission in San Antonio."

"Texas or something?"

"Yes. This, you see, is the chapel, first built in 1672, then all fallen down and rebuilt; on the front is carved 1757. But the point is that the defense of the Alamo is one of the glorious things in the history of the world."

"No? Well, I don't know anything about American history."

I begin to tell her how in the midst of the revolt from Mexican rule that spread among the Anglo-Saxon settlers in Texas, the town of San Antonio de Béjar became the central position in the struggle between the two sides. General Cos was in command of the Mexican garrison barracked in the Alamo, with its patios, cells, rooms, granaries, galleries and chapel, all by then secularized, no longer a mission. Through the defeat of the Mexicans, a small band of Texans got possession of the town and the Alamo. With the arrival of Travis and Bowie, the number of Texans in the Alamo counted one hundred and fifty. The Mexicans returned, a force of several thousand under General Santa Ana, with abundance of cannon, rifles, et cetera—I am trying my best to shorten the account for K. I.'s sake—The appeals sent out from the Texas garrison brought no help till it was too late. Santa Ana was willing to let the Texans quietly escape; his end was merely to get San Antonio clear of any resistance and leave the way open through Gonzales to the colonies, where the revolt grew daily stronger. In the midst of all this Texas declared for independence. Santa Ana offered the little garrison either surrender at discretion, or else death to all, should the fort be taken. The answer was a cannon shot.

That was around the 24th of February, 1836. No reinforcements came; the two commanders in the Alamo prepared for the last stand. On the first of March, Captain Martin came with thirty-nine volunteers, who made their way into the Alamo to join the rest; within these walls was the only force to hold back the Spaniards till General Houston could get an army collected. Travis on the last night collected his men, asking if any wished to leave the walls; a man named Rose left. On Sunday, next day, the sixth of March, General Santa Ana's attack began, at early candlelight it was; the cannon and rifles from the Alamo replied, and then was heard his regimental band sounding the *deguello,* which means *no quarter.* Santa Ana's force was as sixteen to one. The fight went on, hand to hand at length, and from apartment to apartment, until the last Texan was dead. Three times as many Mexicans, perhaps more, had also been killed. Next day Santa Ana ordered the *alcalde* of the town to build two huge pyres in the Alameda, the grove of cottonwood trees nearby; a layer of wood and a layer of bodies was the scheme; gunpowder and oils were poured on, and the torch applied.

I fear I myself may have forgotten my guest a little, thinking of that handful of men waiting to die there in those chapel walls; for now I can see that she has not been listening very closely and is looking absently at the pictures scattered across the open portfolio.

"Don't you think that's one of the most marvelous things in American history?" I say. "Or in any history."

"It's wonderful," she says, with her intelligent, kind eyes looking as absently at me as they had done at the portfolio; and I can see that, as often, she has matters of her own to ruminate—how else would tomorrow be planned? But to give her a good shaking, I reflect, would not be heroic; and, after all, I have done very little more of the Alamo sort of thing than she has, both of us sitting here within these soft, idle walls in New York.

K. I. has begun now openly to look for the other Patinirs, for I have no doubt disappointed her a little by boasting of having four photographs of this painter known to so few people besides K. I.—in this part of the world.

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I am left for a moment to go on with my thoughts. Goliad first, which came soon after that sixth of March. On Palm Sunday, six hundred Texans, having surrendered with the promise of parole, were all led out into a blossoming peach orchard and shot down. Then of the Alamo again. The grand lines of the story, that walled mission, that resolution and death, the finality of the end, the funeral pyres burning nearby—there is something like the Mediterranean in it, bold, epic, the tragedy and clear line. The Spartans at Thermopylæ, where is the difference in the human document of each of these heroic acts? I thought of that epigram of Simonides, which the Greeks so admired and so many among us have tried to translate; for example, the famous version that we all know:

> Go traveler, to Sparta tell
> That here, obeying her, we fell.

How vain this and all translations! The rhythm and Doric contour of the verse is gone entirely; but what is most lost is that meaning, with its simple, noble principle and its unsaid lament, its message to the Spartans—Lacedemonians is the word in the poem—not to Sparta, its place in the present, not in the past. What the dead, buried here at Thermopylæ, ask is that the passer-by will tell the Spartans that lying here they obey them.

K. I. finishes her cup of tea, when the portfolio is closed, scolds me sharply for not having seen some opera in that last week of the season, then rushes cordially away.

I come back to my study and sit thinking that she heard very little of my thumb-nail history of the Alamo, and indeed, as she said, knows nothing of American history. I remember once, however, when she told me of Boisrobert and Ninon de Lenclos.

This was at the time, in 1651, K. I. said, when during Passion Week, Ninon suffered for the first time some slight annoyance from the clergy. At sixteen she had had a love affair with Cardinal Richelieu, he, or so Voltaire tells us, her first lover and she his last mistress. In 1651 a gentleman called Desbarreaux had a party on Good Friday, which was interrupted by a thunderstorm at the very moment a perfect bacon omelette was being served. He opened the window and threw the omelette into the street, and said, yawning, "Mon Dieu, what a fuss about an omelette!" It was not like that at Ninon's, merely that some one threw a chicken bone out the window and hit a priest on the head. Bones in Lent! But that time Ninon escaped; it was some time later when they carried her off to the house of the weeping Magdalens, which was besieged at once by her lovers with so much scandal that she was transferred to Lagny, and there the lovers, following her, took up their residence at the hotel opposite. Queen Christina of Sweden, being for the moment in Paris, got Ninon released. Perhaps it was to this brilliant and amazing sovereign that Ninon said—according to K. I.—that a love affair is, of all dramas, that in which the entr'actes are longest and the acts shortest; how can these intervals be filled up except through one's talents? Therefore, let women cultivate talents. She herself played the lute divinely and her conversation was the admiration of Europe. The noted Boisrobert used to say mass in a chasuble made of one of Ninon's petticoats.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

A New Party for Liberals

SIR: Those of your readers who are tired of the perennial shadow-boxing that passes for politics in this country will be glad to hear of the League for Independent Political Action. It is an organization seeking to bring about a conservative-progressive alignment in our politics. Its chairman is Professor John Dewey, and on its executive committee are such prominent leaders of liberal and radical thought as Harry Elmer Barnes, Robert Morss Lovett, Oswald Garrison Villard, Kirby Page, Zona Gale, Helen Everett, James H. Maurer, Norman Thomas, and others.

After the La Follette campaign in 1924, The New Republic wisely criticized the Progressives for overemphasizing the possibility of immediate power, and for sacrificing to that futile hope a remarkable opportunity for educating the masses to the need for a fundamental political realignment. The League entertains no such illusions of immediate returns. It is building for decades rather than for an election. The party we are constructing from the bottom up will rest on the firm foundation of local political groups that are securely entrenched in municipal and state politics.

We are working with the Socialist party in those cities—such as Reading, New York and Milwaukee—where it has strength; with the Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota; with Labor parties in Buffalo and New Bedford; and where no independent party is as yet on the scene, we alone are undertaking the necessary spade work. Later, the League will seek to bring these groups together to form a national party.

American liberals have nothing to lose and everything to gain by getting behind this movement for a new political alignment. The lessons of the New Freedom and the New Tammany should be conclusive to those people who for the past generation have been trying to make water flow uphill.

Judging from the response to the League's appeal, this lesson is being learned. In a few months of canvassing the country, more than 2,600 dues-paying members have been obtained. The Executive Secretary has traveled in thirty-five states and reports that his message was everywhere received with enthusiasm by central labor bodies, college groups, church forums and civic organizations. The present business depression is preparing the country for a party dedicated to the League's principle of increasing social control.

The New Republic readers who are interested in receiving the literature, confidential reports, and in aiding the movement are asked to write to the League's office at 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City.

NORMAN STUDER,
Assistant Secretary, League for
Independent Political Action.

New York City.

India and the Labor Government

SIR: In your issue of May 14, Mr. H. N. Brailsford had an article in which he apparently desired to prove the inevitability of the policy of repression upon which the Labor Government had embarked in India: how the reluctant and pacific hands of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had been forced by the unreasonable and intractable Gandhi. However, Mr. Brailsford had not yet resigned himself to complete pessimism or to the loss of faith in the Labor Government. He concluded his article with the following words: "It [the Labor Government] has done nothing yet to earn the frowns of liberals in other lands. May its record stand equally clean when this testing year is over!"

The testing year is still mainly in prospect, but I think enough has transpired during the weeks that have elapsed since Mr. Brailsford wrote to give him valuable data for his study in comparative cleanliness of governmental policies.

When one realizes that British censorship over Indian news is fully operative, the dispatches of American correspondents like Webb Miller and Negley Farson assume a pregnant significance.

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Mahatma Gandhi in his letter to the Viceroy, published in The New Republic of June 25, after a recital of some of the deeds of the British government and police, refers to the probability of India's being "overwhelmed by the reign of terrorism which has just begun." Every day that passes brings fresh corroborative testimony in support of Mahatma Gandhi's forecast.

Meanwhile, the long awaited and dramatically delayed report of the Simon Commission has at last been given out to the world. As it is ostensibly the joint product of Conservative, Liberal and two Labor commissioners, both of whom occupy high positions in the MacDonald government, perhaps Mr. Brailsford will find in the recommendations of the Commission a further clue to what may be expected from the Labor Government toward a solution of the Indian deadlock.

The Simon commissioners virtually affirm that they have taken no cognizance of the events of the last few months in India—their principal findings having been unanimously agreed upon before those events occurred. That admission is the precise measure of the academic and, indeed, obsolete character of the report and its recommendations.

Nowhere in the entire document, we are told by The New York Times, is even the term 'Dominion status" used. Such reticence throws a flood of light upon the psychology of Sir John Simon and his colleagues, as well as upon the intentions of the British statesmen regarding India.

The recommendation regarding Burma provides the much-needed comic relief in the Commission's report. While the consideration of most other matters bears an aspect of remoteness and vagueness, there is a unique urgency and fervor in the plea for the dawn of the new regime in Burma. "The Commission advises that the announcement should be promptly and publicly made that a separation of Burma from British India has been decided upon."

A special cable from London, forecasting the Simon Commission's recommendations, published in The New York Times of June 20, contains the following piece of illuminating commentary: "The separation of India and Burma, it is pointed out, would have a stimulating effect on the languishing Lancashire cotton trade, as, with a new form of government, Burma would come outside the orbit of Indian tariffs."

One cannot but admire the chronic persistence of the last infirmity of shop-keeping minds.

SYUD HOSSAIN.

New York City.

A Prediction Realized

SIR: In a previous communication to The New Republic written immediately after the British Labor party came into power, I drew your attention to the Indo-British question and forecast that Labor in power would fail its own ideals, its friends and India for the following reasons:

(1) For a Britisher the Indian question is not a mere sentimental filibuster; it touches the very source of bread and butter of millions of his countrymen, and the jam of all.

(2) For this reason, India has become a "non-party" issue in British politics, which philosophy gave birth to the unfortunate Simon Commission. Its composition of Conservatives, Laborites and Liberals misled the outside liberals into thinking that it was an "impartial" body. It could not have been, for the issue was not between the three British political parties, but between Great Britain and India as a whole.

(3) The British are clinging desperately to India for grave economic reasons. The British need India more than India needs them. The increasing loss of the Indian market is aggravating the British unemployment problem, which cannot be solved until the Indian question is solved to the satisfaction of India.

At the same time I predicted the following:

> It will be presumed in certain optimistic quarters that British labor is "sympathetic" toward India's aspirations. But it is an illusion. For not even radicals, including the Communists, when in power, would relax the British control over India unless they had to. It is unthinkable that a responsible Britisher should be willing to court national disaster by consenting to free India of his government's control. . . . The question of India is a challenge to the pretensions of British labor out of office and to the private ideals of Mr. MacDonald. He will certainly be in power when the Indian question is brought before Parliament. . . . It will not do for Labor to plead the lack of complete control in the Commons.

When Mr. MacDonald talked at Geneva of taking the "risks of peace," I earnestly hoped my prediction would not come true. But his regime has turned out to be a terrible disappointment. He should have taken the boldest risks as regards India. I am sure he would have served his country's interest much better and enhanced immensely his party's reputation. He had a staggering success within his grasp, and he turned it down for the mere opportunism of office-holding.

Since part they must, if not today, tomorrow, why shouldn't the British and the Indians part as friends? Thereby they can still save a lot of their material interests. For a friendly solution the suggestion of The New Republic [May 7 and 14, 1930], I believe, is a very practical one. Of course, all control must be transferred to Indians within not more than five years, at the end of which India must have the right to secede if she so chooses. And again I predict that the British would not consent to a friendly solution. They want peace on their own terms, which they will never have in India.

H. G. MUDGAL.

New York City.

The Vice Squad in Brooklyn

SIR: I have been reading with interest Malcolm Cowley's account of the arrest and conviction of Mrs. Hammerstein [The New Republic, June 25]. In 1915 or 1916, I was practising law in New York City. A mission worker, Maude Sylvester, was arrested, kept in jail all night, and convicted by Magistrate Folwell, in Brooklyn, the sentence being suspended. I was brought into the case after this and appealed it to the County Court, where Judge Fawcet upheld the conviction. I then took it to the Appellate Division, upon some point of law which I forget, and won it. This made the streets of Brooklyn safe for women, for a long while.

The late Chief Magistrate, Mr. McAdoo, for some reason felt very strongly in regard to cases of immorality, and he succeeded in infecting some of his fellow magistrates with the same feeling, so that a woman charged with this offense by the police has very little chance to escape conviction when tried before certain magistrates. This condition is a bad one and should be remedied.

E. S. GARNETT.

Washington, D. C.

Calendar Reform and the Sabbath

SIR: One of the great issues pending before Congress in its present session is the proposal to reform the calendar, a proposal which, if adopted, would involve such interference with daily life as would far outweigh any advantages that can be foreseen. Do the proponents of this plan realize the expense of printing monthly magazines in thirteen issues instead of twelve per year, and do they know that nearly all businesses are accustomed to make their reports either quarterly on semi-annually, and that thirteen months cannot be divided into halves or quarters?

I can only inform readers of the great anxiety felt by the people of the various creeds who wish to observe a sabbath day. The insertion of one or two blank days a year would make the sabbath a movable day, and would result in a profound trial of these people's consciences. I am convinced that this is too high a price to pay for reform, as it constitutes a threat to their faith.

EDGAR DUGGAN.

Auckland, New Zealand.

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Contemporary American Philosophy

Contemporary American Philosophy: Personal Statements, edited by George P. Adams and William Pepperell Montague. New York: The Macmillan Company. 2 vols. 897 pages. $12.

THE APPROACH to contemporary American philosophy raises certain large problems of method and interpretation. Those preoccupied with technical problems resent the attempt to explain their activity and evaluate their results from a vantage ground outside the narrow pale of the "school philosophy." Those, however, who are more sensitive to the role which ideas have played in the history of civilization feel that the significance of philosophical achievement may best be grasped by viewing it as an expression of a specific cultural milieu always wider than the technical tradition in which ideas proliferate, whose character is largely determined by socio-economic processes. The cultural approach respects the independence of the formal aspects of problems. But it inquires into the conditions of their origin, and traces the rise and fall of ideas which have been proposed as solutions. It realizes that of philosophical ideas it may be said that they "exercise a function rather than lead to a solution" (Woodbridge), and that this function is best construed in the light of the social and individual experience which gives problems *actualité* and relevance. It sees in the clash of systems an ideological struggle for existence, and studies the mechanisms controlling survival without confusing truth value with survival value. It is not so much interested in the psychology of the generation of ideas as in the sociology of their acceptance.

This cultural interpretation is sufficiently important and runs sufficiently counter to the prejudices of most philosophers to warrant extended defense. But I content myself here with pointing out merely that the "principle of limitation of possibilities," so fruitful in anthropology, may be even more fruitfully applied in studying the rise and fall of ideas. Given a problem in which a finite number of elements enter, the number of combinations which they yield—be they called solutions or attitudes or points of view—is limited. These combinations will be independently discovered again and again. Where, as in philosophy, the problems are often speculative, the number of elements small and a value term usually involved, the possible positions which may be taken are very few. In varied idiom they constantly recur in the history of thought. But what is still more important, since outside the realm of metaphysical and logical analysis, and often even here, an irreducible value term is always present, the question of truth does not become immediately relevant. The most intelligent approach to the meaning of a philosophy is to ask why those who hold it hold what they do, what are its implications for theory and practice, what social tendencies come to focal expression in it, why did it influence or fail to influence its age. Only then does the question of what permanent insight into some aspect or problem of existence it has given mankind become at all relevant. This, as is clear, emphatically does not mean that philosophy is in no way concerned with truth, but it does mean that the different attitudes taken towards the great historic issues of naturalism and supernaturalism, subjectivism and objectivism, individuality and continuity demand in the first instance a knowledge of the social background and funded cultural tradition against and within which the recurrent purposes at the basis of philosophical attitudes take shape and substance.

The present volumes under consideration consist of autobiographical statements by thirty-four prominent members of the American Philosophical Association. No representatives of powerful and popular pseudo-philosophical faiths like that of Christian Science, New Thought and the different varieties of social evangelism have been included. The result is that these volumes indicate the leading motives and interests of academic American philosophy. And academic it is in more than the literal sense of the term. The following characterization is not intended to apply to any particular essay completely but to the volumes as a whole.

If American philosophy reflects the American scene, it does so indirectly—more by the manner of its escape than in the matter of its expression. No tendencies in the pattern of social life find fulfillment in it, no visions and ideals of an integrated culture receive positive articulation. The two chief concerns of professional American philosophers are religion and the theory of knowledge. There is little sympathy and less interest in the pressing problems of social philosophy or in the philosophy of politics, law and education. European thinkers look in vain for a philosophic interpretation of the unique social and political experience of both the American past and present. Science and art have lately received considerable attention, but the only attempts at a philosophy of history and civilization have been either theodicies, justifying the ways of God to man, or radical indeterminisms which make of all history an incredible accident. Aside from the naturalistic wing among the pragmatists, whatever interest there is in social philosophy comes from the idealists, who often approach the subject in an evangelical vein, introducing religious categories where they have no business to be. The neglect of a theory of social causation is a positive scandal. In view of its significance for the entire field of the social sciences, the nature and conditions of social change stand as a striking challenge to analysis even to those "pure" philosophers who are so contemptuous of action. As yet there is little sense of the newer horizons opened up by recent movements in art, literature and politics. Dewey, of course, is the most conspicuous exception to these generalizations.

Some of the essays by the older contributors show to what an amazing extent American philosophy has been sicklied o'er with a theologic cast. Only fifty years ago most professors of philosophy were still clergymen, and "the best opportunity for continuous study of philosophy was in a divinity school" (Palmer). The early Scotch philosophy of common sense, as well as German transcendentalism, which replaced it, were employed "to rationalize the body of Christian theological doctrines" (Dewey). A little later the philosophy of apologetic Christianity gave way to the British variant of absolute idealism, recognizing in it a more subtle and effective ally in combating "the monkey philosophy"; and the militant agnosticism bred Huxley, Spencer and their followers.

It is this philosophical idealism which is still the strongest force in academic philosophy and which still substitutes for religion, operating in the dual capacity of consolation and vicarious fulfillment in an imperfect world. In England and America this type of idealism functioned as an ideological complement to the individualism of the *laissez-faire* economy, explaining away all the errors and evils of an anarchic social order in the ineffable harmony of the Absolute. The specific irrationalities of the economic process were righted in ambiguous

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formulas about the identity of the real and the rational. The ugliness, stupidity and anguish of man's life in this world loses its sting when viewed as a necessary ingredient in the all-encompassing and beneficent Whole (Calkins), called God, or Consciousness, as occasion and style demand.

But the work of analytic realism and experimental pragmatism, reflecting the methods of modern science, has not been in vain. As a result of their double assault, idealistic philosophers, as well as all other cosmic optimists, carry their religion around like a loose tooth in the mouth. They dare not bite on it. Consequently there is a shuttling back and forth between specific analysis in terms of immediate human interests and vague reference to a still vaguer mystic whole. This inevitably leads to ambiguous terminology and to the use of sonorous phrases for ideas. Now old-fashioned theology and fundamentalism have one undeniable virtue. They know what they want and say it clearly enough to leave no one in doubt as to what they really believe. If they are absurd, they are at least coherent. Many contemporary idealists, however (and in this they have infected some of their brethren in other schools), use terms like God, Christianity and other familiar categories of religion in the loosest way. In the absence of precise connotation, the honorific flavor of their words does not outrage the orthodox, while their Pickwickian meanings pass muster with the "watch-dogs" of enlightenment. When a man professes belief in God and then tells us that God in one sense is "the ideal good" and in another, "the universal self in each of us, our good will and idealism and intelligence" (Drake), he is saying nothing to which acknowledged atheists like Tom Paine and Shelley did not subscribe. To speak of Christianity as if it implied merely an ethical principle or a religious longing (however that be defined), is to overlook those essential elements of historical belief in Christianity which specifically distinguish it from other religions and philosophies long extant in the world before it came on the scene and which it actively opposed. And finally to identify religion as such with loyalty to an objective ideal (Leighton), or with the desire for social reform (Tufts), or, worst of all, with philosophy proper (Urban) is to violate the first duty a philosopher owes to the community—a sense for the ethics of words. Most of the current cheap and easy reconciliations of scientific method and revealed religion can be traced to a systematically cultivated ambiguity in the use of terms.

Ultimately the issue between idealism and materialism (an honest word rapidly going out of use) reduces to the question of naturalism versus supernaturalism. That is the question, and no phrasemongery can obscure it. Today, although firmly entrenched in the academic tradition, idealism is on the defensive. It is the nostalgic apotheosis of order and the utopian quest for significance in an undirected transitional era. It owes whatever strength it has to the tuneful lyrics it sings to the importance of human consciousness, to its use as a prop for political conservatism and religious tradition, and finally to that mixture of consolation and arrogance which is at the basis of the doctrine that man's ideals are woven into the very stuff and texture of the universe.

Aside from vestigial supernaturalism, technical problems form the bulk of American philosophical discussion. Primary among them is the nature and possibility of knowledge and its relation to experience. This epistemological chess is for some people a fascinating game—all the more so because in terms of the traditional problem no side can win. Nor does it at all matter that no side can win, since everyone must know what valid knowledge is before he can raise the question of its possibility as distinct from the actual ways in which knowledge is attained. The results of no particular science depend upon it. Its persistence is due in part to preoccupation with the technical history of philosophy, and in part to the confusion of certain legitimate problems in the psychology of sense-perception with the problem of how meanings are validated in science. But more probably, as M. R. Cohen elsewhere suggests, the theory of knowledge owes its vitality to the fact that the philosopher in professing himself a specialist in this discipline cuts under all the other physical and social sciences, saves the autonomy of his own subject from the sneers of skeptical colleagues and revives the pale memory of days in which philosophy was the queen of the sciences. Must a philosopher be humble in face of specific problems in physics, biology or economics? Well then, he alone knows what no one else knows, viz., how it is possible to know in general. Can it be that there is some truth in the sly suggestion thrown out by one of the contributors that "the chief end of academic philosophy is to furnish a living for professors of philosophy" (J. E. Boodin)?

Yet these volumes show a vital concern for other technical problems much more fruitful and important. They grow out of the recent tendencies to come more closely to grips with questions of scientific method. An appreciation of the metaphysical significance of the problem of time is revealed in the interesting essays of McGilvary, Lovejoy, Montague and Parker. Cosmologic speculation is reviving (Boodin, Montague), the implications of modern logistics for philosophy are being developed (C. I. Lewis) and analytic metaphysics in a few years may overshadow the theory of knowledge. Interpretations of art, gingerly attempted in the past, are being more seriously projected (Prall, Ducasse, Dewey).

As a whole, however, the impression remains that compared with contemporary philosophy abroad, the interests of professional American philosophy suffer from narrowness and a certain intellectual provincialism. Perhaps this is attributable to the fact that our philosophers, like all intellectuals in America, stand further removed from the currents of public and social life than do their European colleagues. They have not the opportunity to see the wider implications of philosophic issues in the manifold problems arising in law, politics and education, or to note how the content of the traditional problems of metaphysics and logic becomes enriched when their facets turn up in original settings in daily life. Excepting Tufts, Cohen, Dewey and a few of the idealists, none of the contributors seems to realize how important present-day class struggles in industry and politics are for ethical theory. Marx is merely a name and his intellectual legacy over which European thinkers are still wrangling is practically unknown.

A word or two about the outstanding contributors. The most impressive essays in the volume, providing just enough autobiographical detail to lend the confession of philosophic faith point and grace, are those by Santayana, Woodbridge, M. R. Cohen, E. A. Singer and W. G. Everett. There is a dignity of outlook and a measured cadence of expression in Everett's essay reminiscent of Lucretius. Dewey's essay is happily entitled "From Absolutism to Experimentalism," and contains valuable personal data; but although tracing the evolution of his thought it does not fully expound his present position. It should be supplemented by his "What I Believe" in The Forum (March, 1930). These volumes definitely prove that experimental pragmatism has very few ad-

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herents among academic philosophers. Far from being the typical American philosophy, its deeper implications are yet to be understood. Whoever speaks of pragmatism and metaphysics as if they are antithetic terms has not gone farther than the outer gates of understanding. Certain aspects of its theory of meaning and truth, denounced not so long ago as absurdities, are now accepted as commonplaces. Realization is growing of the necessity of distinguishing the pragmatism of Dewey from that of James and Schiller. Their agreements in the main are limited to what they oppose. James's nominalism and Schiller's religious voluntarism are utterly incompatible with Dewey's rational naturalism and social realism. Palmer's essay, the longest in the series, is rich in historical information and delightfully gossipy on many subjects ranging from the nature of God to the art of properly combining short and long sentences in philosophic discourse.

I wish to conclude by calling the roll of distingushed American philosophers omitted from this collection because of the exigencies of selection and space. H. T. Costello, A. Goldenweiser, Justice Holmes, E. B. Holt, H. M. Kallen, G. H. Mead, H. M. Sheffer, W. H. Sheldon, D. Swenson and A. N. Whitehead. A third volume containing contributions from these is sure to be as good as either of the others. SIDNEY HOOK.

Columbus

Columbus: Don Quixote of the Seas, by Jacob Wassermann. Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 287 pages. $3.50.

MR. WASSERMANN'S Columbus is a tormented, ambitious, obstinate, weary, insanely enterprising yet fundamentally cowardly man, half worldling, half poet. He works for years to persuade Isabella and Ferdinand to give him ships; he falsifies records so that his men won't know how far they have come, and, therefore, possibly mutiny; yet when he is disobeyed by those just under him, he pretends not to notice, or at least not until it is too late to have any effect. In some ways kind and almost gentle, it never occurs to him that the natives of a newly discovered land have any rights of their own, and if they show signs of such a thought having occurred to them, has them massacred. He is by turns tyrannical, cringing, a hard-headed mariner and a mystic visionary. Mr. Wassermann reconciles all inconsistencies by saying that Columbus was an erratic, temperamental person, not responsible for his actions. He was driven by destiny. "Blindly he sailed the seas and trod inviolate lands, ever thinking of something other than what the hour demanded, helpless before a present necessity, knowing no human face, master of no human heart, buried in his own dark self, a joyless exile." This may be rich, beautiful prose but it doesn't sound like a convincing description of a man who sailed the Atlantic in the fifteenth century. "Blindly he sailed across the lake in Central Park" would be a half-plausible sentence, but people who guide vessels across the ocean have to be a little more definite than Mr. Wassermann's hero.

The Wasserman method of biography, so exemplified in this book, is not very different from the Ludwig-Maurois-Strachey brand. If anything, the streak of romantic charlatanry seems more pronounced here. "Was he not rather a poet first of all?" he inquires, apropos, of course, of Columbus. "It is strangely moving: amid all his embarrassments and evil perplexities, while, through his dumb indifference and the miscarriage of his financial speculations, he was helping, in the most cowardly and heartless manner, to exterminate a noble race, and thus turning Christianity into a phrase and religion into a lie, his mind was entirely occupied with the most detailed plans for rebuilding the Temple of Jersualem. He knew not what he did. This will have been recorded in his favor by the Highest Judge of all, and he will find pardon at the end. He knew not what he did, neither in good things nor in evil."

Mr. Wassermann knows only too well what he is doing: he is pulling the public's leg, and if this is being recorded in his favor by the Highest Judge of all, it is time there was a shake-up up there.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN.

France and America

France, a Study in Nationality, by André Siegfried. New Haven: The Yale University Press. 122 pages. $2.

THE AUTHOR of "America Comes of Age" is an economist and a statistician doubled with a moralist. He knows the world, he has traveled afar. He was born a Protestant in a Catholic country. Nobody could be better qualified to compare the different aspects of modern civilization. Between the old and the new, between Europe and America, he hovers, observes and meditates. Very appropriately, and most ably, M. Siegfried links the political with the psychological problem. He cleverly and consistently derives the chief traits of French nationality from the French traditional character.

M. Siegfried's views on this subject may seem a little narrow and conventional today. Many things have changed in France since the War and more, it may be, than M. Siegfried acknowledges. Even the physical aspect of the Frenchman has changed. The French bourgeois shaves and takes his bath, he wears new ready-made clothes, he goes to the dentist, he smokes Lucky Strikes, he delights in the talkies, he rides on a motorcycle or in a car, and he replaces absinthe by cocktails. The French bourgeois is being Americanized under our very eyes. And, after all, are there more bourgeois in France than in the land of Silas Lapham and George Babbitt? But, if the Frenchman has changed, French politics are still the same, asserts M. Siegfried. *"Plus ça change et plus c' est la même chose."* France is still the land of individualism. The Frenchman is conservative at heart. The world has moved; it is today a huge lump of big collectivities, the Russian, the American, the Asiatic—mass production, mass government, mass thinking (if thinking at all). France is still the land of isolated units. This may still be true and yet one must not ignore the new orientations, l'Action Française at the extreme Right, the Third International at the extreme Left, and many halfway houses along the road—Locarno, Geneva, Briand's U. S. E. And is the Frenchman the only political animal "who wears his heart on the left and his pocket book on the right"? Do not the "interests," big and little, sway the political pendulum in other countries, too?

Of the swinging of the French political pendulum, M. Siegfried gives the most illuminating account and explanation. With a rare precision he maps out the French political parties, and gives us the key to what often seems to foreigners the aberrations of French politics. Middle-Center-Right, Middle-Center-Left, the pendulum oscillates between these extremes, from Left to Right, from Right to Left. Now and then, under the pressure of circumstances, a clever tactician appears—say Poincaré—to stop the pendulum midway, but never for long. The Right cannot legislate without the Left, the Left cannot govern

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without the Right. Midway between, French politicians play *in abstracto* the game of politics for politics' sake. French political history is the history of the conflict between two opposite philosophies of life. To defend *égalité*, to keep the individual free from the encroachment of State and Church, is the game of French politics, (not so abstract after all). The old bugaboo of *"L'état c' est moi,"* of dictature, still haunts the French mind. French politics are made not at the Hotel Universe, but at the Café du Progrès, just around the corner, on the mall, where M. Siegfried's bourgeois can meet the ghosts of Anatole France's bourgeois of forty years ago.

"We never mean to borrow our prosperity from our political institutions," writes André Siegfried, and he quotes from M. Fournol: "We give people leisure so that they can read books, but they (the Anglo-Saxons) give them leisure so that they can have an automobile." Choosing between the automobile and the book, M. Siegfried takes the book. "In this age of Henry Ford, France may seem out of date. . . . " Who knows? Is not America tired of her Henry Fords, is she not in revolt against the Machine? America is in quest of a new individualism. Whether they be enrolled under the banner of the Cambridge professors (so far a rather limited enrolment) or under the flag of the realists *à la* Dewey, Americans may well ponder M. Siegfried's conclusions. "Yet, if mankind is ever again preoccupied with the question of the individual, his thoughts, and his right to think for himself, it is not talk about vacuum cleaners, refrigerators and adding machines that will move the world. French idealism, with its motive power still intact, will regain its old interest." And it seems that French idealism pays too. Is not France at present industrially and financially sound, when the big countries en masse are in the thrall of unemployment, panics and spiritual unrest?

RÉGIS MICHAUD.

Lope de Vega

Lope de Vega: Monster of Nature, by Angel Flores. New York: Brentano's. 214 pages. $3.50.

HERE IS another offspring of the union of biography and fiction, another novelized biography. As is customary in this kind of writing, the old material is dished up in alluring shapes and glittering colors and made doubly palatable by a generous addition of the erotic. Even a sprinkling of Freud is not forgotten. The old material—as presented in the previous biographies, in Spanish and English, of La Barrera, Rennert and Castro—was itself attractive, for Lope de Vega is one of the most striking personalities of the most colorful period in Spanish history, the age of Cervantes, Velásquez, El Greco. As a writer, Lope achieved the greatest popular success of his day; and at his death, Madrid turned out as it would have for the funeral of a great noble, as it would today for the burial of an idolized bullfighter. The popularity was due largely to his prodigious fecundity and brilliance as a dramatist: during half a century he had composed hundreds of plays that were the delight of Spanish audiences. So he remains one of the outstanding figures of Spanish literature, the creator of a national drama.

But there is more than that to recommend him to the modern biographer. The events of his private life fall into the pattern of a novel, whose central theme, running through varied and often dramatic episodes, is the self-indulgence of a richly endowed lyric nature. Moreover, there is enough sorrow in the last days to add that note of tragic beauty which some like to find at the end of a life. To complete the joy of the biographer who would undertake to write this life, there exist hundreds of Lope's letters, revealing many of his most intimate thoughts and experiences, written to his patron, the Duke of Sessa, and, of course, never intended for publication. These letters have so far been only partly utilized by Lope's biographers, who have either failed to see or have glossed over many of the most delectable and revelatory bits.

The opportunity has also been missed by this latest writer, who relies on the previously published material. His book, in fact, gives much less than the others, for his method is the now popular one of selecting picturesque detail and dramatic incident. Woven into the story are picturizations of certain historical events and figures that more or less touched Lope's existence. It is certainly no less necessary, however, to relate the man to his work, and this is not well done in the present book. There is no mention of Lope's most autobiographic work, "La Dorotea," rich in the details of his first great love affair. Imagine a biography of Goethe which omitted all reference to "Werther" or the lyrics! Yet this book on Lope, for the reasons given and because of its occasional lapses into lurid and excessive imagery, will no doubt serve its purpose of appealing to the modern taste for "jazzed-up" biography.

WILLIAM L. FICHTER.

Two Scandinavian Novels

Lisbeth of Jarnfjeld, by John Falkberget. Translated from the Norwegian by Rudolph Gjelsness. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

Martin Birck's Youth, by Hjalmar Soderberg. Translated from the Swedish by Charles Wharton Stork. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THESE two Scandinavian novels are alike only in their essential unimportance. In "Lisbeth of Jarnfjeld," despite rough prose and butcherlike brutality, no fresh and independent life is in the mountaineer people; and in "Martin Birck's Youth," a city story, the caught sum of experience, beneath a suave translation, is a sentiment of drooping regret. Neither volume is likely either to challenge or to refresh the reader.

Lisbeth of Jarnfjeld loved the mountains and the minister Sivert, but she married Bjorn Hallvarsa, an alien from the plains. When he was choking with pneumonia, she sent for Sivert. He came, saved Bjorn, and lay with Lisbeth. A boy was born and five years later a girl, an imbecile by Bjorn. More and more did Lisbeth feel she was sinning against both God and Sivert, while her husband, remembering the plains, tricked and schemed for his father-in-law's mountain lands. Lisbeth resisted him; her daughter died; her son coughed with consumption; she and Sivert met again, and she contrived the death of Bjorn before he could sell the mountain farm. Her consumptive son, dying, rattled out hatred for Lisbeth, the mountain-loving murderess. The wisdom of Mr. Falkberget is seldom invigorating: "Time," for instance, "had gone its steady march past Bersvend Jarnfjeld." Sivert, the children and the neighbors do not survive as people, while Bjorn and Lisbeth, striving as plain against mountain, are abstracts of distant elements.

Martin Birck in the other novel is gentler, picking flowers, strolling with his mother, climbing backyard pear trees. In school he is apart from classmates, observing clouds and lakes and bridges; but in college he ponders philosophy and

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poetry with other youths, for "he wanted to be a poet. He would write a book." Instead, when graduated, he pleased his friends and parents by plodding along in a government office. He drank, and corrected reports, and sighed outside a strange girl's window; sometimes he wrote. At thirty, his book unwritten, his aspirations fainter, he took a mistress secretly, for he was ashamed and he was too poor to marry.

Mr. Soderberg's translator "finds him as brilliant as the modern French masters, and much more kindly." Aside from his rippling prose, the resemblance is dubious. "What," he wonders, "have we done with our lives, we mortals?" He never goes near the question as he glides along, tired and wistful, wishing a vaguely shining world.

JEROME MELLQUIST.

Local Color in Verse

Deep South, by Carl Carmer. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 83 pages. $2.

JOSE ORTEGA Y GASSET, in an essay on "The Dehumanization of Art," published this quarter in The Symposium, says:

> The poet begins where the man ends. The destiny of man is to live his human itinerary; the mission of the poet is to invent what does not exist. . . . The poet expands the world, adding to the already existing real an unreal continent.

And this is the point of criticism to be urged against all such poetry as that of Carl Carmer in "Deep South," dependent for whatever merit it may have upon local color. Mr. Carmer has presented in verse the strange characters and codes of the small communities in the South. His volume is completely realistic, a recording of words heard, of situations known, of a recognized psychology in this backwater section of America. Such verse makes interesting reading, but because it in no way expands life or translates experience, it has nothing to do with art.

EDA LOU WALTON.

William Laud

Laud: Storm Center of Stuart England, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: Brentano's. 331 pages. $3.50.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN, a New Englander with an omnipresent sense of his own past, has embodied in this biography the results of a patient search into the life of the one Archbishop of Canterbury who can be said to belong truly to New England tradition. For William Laud, while he was not responsible for the founding of Massachusetts Bay, did his utmost to swell the flux of emigrants who fled his goading jurisdiction—his courts of High Commission and Star Chamber—for the more friendly forests and savages of America. His chief interest to Americans must inevitably reside in this negative distinction. An Englishman, of course, is more apt to think of Laud as the man who forged the modern University of Oxford and created the "style and order" of the modern Anglican Church. With Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, he was uncompromising enough to plunge Charles the Second to ruin at the hands of Cromwell, but Oxford and the Anglican Church, as entities, managed to weather the Commonwealth years. In treating all this Mr. Coffin is straightforward, disdainful of the inventions and dramatics of those who swim in the wake of Strachey. But he spoils his biography by being too "literary." Laud, he tells us, was distinctly not a literary man (his sermons never scraped the cloud-castles of eloquence), but we are never allowed to forget that Mr. Coffin knows the full history of English literature. Thus, in a history of the man who plunged England into civil war, we get only casual references to Pym, to Cromwell, to the rise of the Puritan middle classes who snuffed out the bright light of Elizabeth's era, while, on the other hand, there is never an opportunity lost to get in a good literary allusion. Mr. Coffin has in the past helped arrange an anthology of seventeenth-century literature, and his "Laud" is patently the sort of book an anthologist would write about a man who belongs, after all, more to English history than to English literature. It is this distortion of emphasis which throws an otherwise interesting book out of focus.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

Notes on Novels

The Obelisk, by William Rollins, Jr. New York: Brewer and Warren. $2.50.

THERE have been so many studies of sensitive youth wallowing in adolescence that to find one which stands apart from the ruck is something of a surprise. Lewis Raey is a sentimental coward, perpetually inventing watertight excuses to prevent him from doing the thing which he craves and fears. For a time he escapes sufficiently from his self-imposed bondage to live with a curiously passionate girl, an artist, who gives him a taste of the free adventure which has always been symbolized for him by the obelisk in the Forest of Fontainebleau, from which many roads run out into strange ways. He is pulled back by his weakness, however, into a conventional marriage and so loses his flickering vision of the obelisk. Mr. Rollins writes a taut and broken prose. He slips without warning from reality into scenes projected by the imagination. The results are sometimes confusing but more often sharply effective. He lacks discipline and, to a certain degree, taste—the diary of Louise, the artist, is out of key and remarkably bad—but he manages to break through external crusts and show one actual emotion. He has vitality and is obviously an experimenter. His next book should and probably will be satisfactorily mature.

E. H. W.

Son of John Winteringham, by Warrene Piper. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

TO SHOULDER responsibility for five orphaned nephews, ranging from six to fifteen years old, is no mean task for a widower, whose only desire is to be let alone to acquire land and study the various kinds of manure. This complicated situation, presented at the beginning of "Son of John Winteringham," arouses the hope that this is more than an ordinarily good first novel. The highly nervous style is well suited to setting a scene in which an exasperated uncle finds himself saddled with an unmanageable boy of fifteen who proceeds to cripple himself for life, three nice, ordinary, small boys, and a child of six who displays all the difficult characteristics of a spoiled baby.

Unfortunately, as the book continues, the rapid, disjointed style, effective in the development of character by the steam-of-consciousness method, becomes alarmingly involved, so that the piled up clauses of each sentence must

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be deviously unwound. The oldest boy becomes increasingly unreal as he accepts his invalidhood with a saintlike patience, and displays towards his brothers an altruism and understanding worthy of the most devoted parent. And the youngest, at the age of eight, develops a philosophic criticism of Shakespeare that would put most adults to shame.

In spite of these defects, there is real substance in the literary and educational discussions between Darcy, the oldest brother, and the uncle. Moreover, the relationships between the boys are handled with a sureness and delicacy that indicate an understanding of the interaction of character on character. If Miss Piper would write of adults rather than children and subdue her style to the average capacity of eye and intelligence, she could undoubtedly produce a character study of unusual brilliance.

PERSIS LANE.

Huntsman in the Sky, by Granville Toogood. New York: Brewer and Warren. $2.50.

IN THIS first novel, Philadelphia is ridiculed by a young artist who resists the spiritlessness of the city. The right clubs, heavy matrons, Romanic business men; neither the sleek nor the smug are overlooked. The critic of the city, a musician shortly returned from Paris where he has been composing for two years, has always been a facile fellow; now he vows that he will be an artist, though he is warned by Anne (for she loves him) that he dwells "in a land of Lotus-Eaters." He listens, he remembers. His mother dies, and he is hypnotized by the golden loveliness of the immobile Elaine: he composes nothing for months. He is sunning himself in Florida with his grandfather when suddenly there thunders within him a great symphony of America. At once he pursues Elaine anew, and composes again. Finally, on the very day his grandfather dies, after a financial smash-up, he liberates himself from Elaine, he hears his symphony at the Lewisohn Stadium; he feels he is an artist. As skirmisher for the artist, Mr. Toogood pricks and pinches his city, but he does not undermine the materialism of its moneyed gentry. His hero is another smarting young artist, his women are inanimate, only the glaring, puffy grandfather is a person. At present, with his swift confident writing, the author often merely flicks the reader's emotions. In the future, with his humor, his eagerness; above all, with his willingness to charge against complacency, he may, unlike his hero, become a spirited artist.

Ella, by Elizabeth Wilkins Thomas. New York: Viking Press. $2.50.

MISS THOMAS seeks something permanent in experience. She goes climbing with Milton, Emerson, Thomas Traherne, and quotes some of their ethereal passages. Having been lifted up by Traherne's words on childhood, "Eternity was manifest in the light of the day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire," she would open a similar revelation in her first novel "Ella." Her book is literary, a petaled autobiography; it fails to be profound. The story is delicate. Ella was only five years old when "she felt a wind of ages rushing over her"; once, playing tag and hiding from a boy, sh. "sighed, wondered: why do I have to have him? fell to studying the shaven grass." Years later she is loved by a hunchback, and kissed by a bashful stripling after a canoe trip in the evening. After college, weary of a male graduate student at Columbia University, she hustles off to a garment-worker's strike; types for a publisher; teaches; casts away marriage to preserve her "me-ness," and agonizes while watching Madge Matthew, her old friend, die of age and disappointment. At last she rocks on a summer porch with her aunt. By giving edge to Ella's sense of renunciation, the author might have vitalized her novel; its fragrance would then have become bitter-sweet instead of slightly sickish. If Miss Thomas will cease prettifying and moralizing, if she will always strip the feeling as she does in the death scene, she may mature her gentle talent, which does not compare in fun and tang and economical writing with Lizette Woodworth Reese's "A Victorian Village."

Pay Day, by Nathan Asch. New York: Brewer and Warren. $2.50.

BEFORE daylight, Jim the clerk reels from the subway and muses uncertainly, "Oh, for a little light, for the fog to dissolve, for the darkness to go, for it to get warm again." These words on the last page of "Pay Day" serve their author unkindly, for they remind the reader of the mist and chill and blankness in this novel. No illumination, no enjoyment result from reading it. Mr. Asch is morosely attentive as he sweeps up behind the office-worker Jim, who butts and shoulders everybody in the subway and reads that "Sacco and Vanzetti lose hope, must die tonight" and shrugs forgettingly, while he plans for a big Saturday night. He eats, bathes and growls at home; stares at thighs in the "L" train; and remembers the breasts of his waitress. She and Jim soon nestle together in the movies, guzzle and dance in the speakeasy and are carted off by picked-up partners in separate taxicabs. Newsies shout all about the execution. And wearily wobbling home to his mother, Jim "suddenly remembered and said, 'Oh, my God, they're dead.'" The shallowness of the pimpled clerk who revels while the persecuted Italians are electrocuted, seems even more terrible in contrast to their burning. Because "Pay Day" really rebukes the metropolis as a begrimer of helplessly whirling lives, its grand-jury indictment should be applauded everywhere. A sincere sociological novel thus becomes assured of untold readers.

J. M.

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Herbert Croly

OTHERS will write of Herbert Croly as a great political thinker, as a social philosopher, as a prophet and a seer, but to me, above all, he was a great man.

The purity of his motives and the utter disinterestedness of his point of view made it possible for him to watch events with passionate interest and yet with personal detachment. He never suffered the interference of irrelevant thought and feeling to distract his vision from the pure reality he saw. Moreover, he saw events in large relationships. This capacity gave to his mind such range and sweep that in sharing his vision almost a new sense of time seemed to emerge. To talk to him was to see life in all its flow and movement—to see it with meaning, and with a sense of sequence and continuity.

The wisdom which derived from this inclusive vision was matched by the courage to face always unflinchingly the thing he saw. Though he suffered bitter disappointments and cruel personal hurts he maintained to the end a passionate faith in life and in human beings. His generosity was of heart and mind, complete.

He brought to his friendships the same qualities of insight and revelation that informed his writing. He recognized potentialities and affirmed for his friends the essential thing within themselves. His generosity extended without reserve even to the point where he could concentrate the whole of his energies upon the needs and requirements of those he loved. The perfect relationship at the center of his life was the evidence of a love which forever quickened and intensified his own organic growth.

His passion to understand life and to participate in creative processes led him from the exploration of the universe to the further exploration of himself as a human being. He needed to feel that he was fulfilling life in his own soul, and to the quest of a spiritual activity which could be continuous and yet perpetually filled with discovery, he gave his thought and his will.

When an individual experiences life as an adventure to which he brings the power of his intellect and the passion of his heart, then life itself assumes a new value. It was this essential relationship to life which Herbert Croly was able to communicate to others because he had so perfectly made it his own.

DOROTHY ELMHIRST.

As a Friend

IN 1905, when our acquaintance began, Croly was at work every morning upon "The Promise of American Life." He would have preferred a longer working day, but he restricted himself to four hours, deliberately, for his book's sake. Experiment had taught him that four was the right number. Thus he could give his afternoons and evenings to his other interests, which were varied and many. I suppose no political philosopher ever had more. What Croly thought of life as a whole I have no means of knowing, but his liking for many parts of it was keen. He liked bridge the theater, landscape, detective stories, wine, fine buildings, tobacco, American humor, lawn tennis, golf, giving dinners, dining out.

Although at first I sometimes wondered how he kept all these interests from taking his attention off his work, before long I saw that this wonder was quite out of place. His work was his passion, his exhausting and difficult joy. Temperate, judiciously temperate in all other things, he could not let thought alone. A day passed without reflection left him restless. His relaxations, great as was the pleasure he took in them, existed in order to keep him fit, to make possible those hours of lonely and original thinking in which he reached and formulated the main conclusions of his political philosophy. He was living his life, more resolutely than anybody else I had known at all well, true to his own sense of scale.

His one disloyalty to this sense of scale appeared oftenest in the service of his friends. He looked at us all critically, he did his best to see us with accuracy, but such was the warmth of his affection that he saw a good many of us, from time to time, rather larger than life. Now and then he would praise a friend with a superlative, an oddly precise superlative, which made one rub one's eyes. Somebody was not only a good political pamphleteer, he was "the most effective political pamphleteer since Cobbett." Somebody else, who reviewed new books agreeably, and who seemed familiar with many old

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ones, was "the best read American belle-lettrist since Lowell." Such phrases, though at a first hearing they might cause surprise, soon came to seem no more than one of the habits friendship forms by taking short cuts to emphasis. In Croly's case the habit never kept him from trying men by the test nearest his heart whenever he believed that test relevant. "Yes," I have heard him say, "so-and-so's mind is orderly, thorough and sturdily combative. But he does not reflect. Shut him up in a room with a set of facts and when he comes out he hasn't added anything to them. They haven't given him a new idea. He's merely arranged them brilliantly."

This, however, was a test by which Croly tried only those men whose inability to think left soft spots in their work. He did not sort human beings out into the original thinkers and the rest. Among his intimate friends, in those early days, there was only one to whom he would have attributed any turn for sustained thought. He chose his friends, as other sensible men do, for all sorts of reasons, or for no reason that could be put into words. His time, which he had cause to value, and his active brain were at the disposal of us all. The temptation to consult him was great. You yielded to it, knowing that you ought not. I remember having to review I have forgotten what theatrical season in New York, and my article, no matter how I went at it, kept breaking up into a succession of short reviews pasted together, and I asked Croly's advice. The next day he said: "Couldn't you treat the season as illustrating the effect of the news in the papers upon the theater?" He had this faculty of detecting an idea not only in data of his own collecting, but also in the scraps you were powerless to unify without his help, which he was always ready to give, no matter how busy, no matter how tired.

Next, in order of time, to the discovery of this generosity, of this active interest in his friends' interests, was the discovery of his tolerance. Little by little I had come to suspect that Smith, a new friend of mine and an older friend of Croly's, not only drew the long bow but occasionally told shorter lies with a different purpose. One day I laid my suspicion, with specifications, before Croly. I admitted that it was uncivilized, and all that, to be incapable of telling a lie when no other key would open a locked situation, but didn't Smith perhaps find lying too useful too often? Croly eyed me in surprise, was silent for a minute, then said: "We must take Smith as we find him. He not only tells a lie now and then. Te is a liar. But he is a lot besides. The other things he is make him well worth while as a companion, lies and all." This tolerance went deep into Croly's character. Nowhere was his sense of scale more beautifully operative than in his human relations. Response to less than a friend's whole nature was in Croly's opinion, and in his feeling, an inadequate response, trivial and irrational. I do not know how many times I have profited by his habit of judging a part by the whole, the present by a long past.

Not often in the period I am writing of, when occasions for such a change were happily infrequent, but always when the occasion arose, this tolerance was heightened into magnanimity. Two or three years before The New Republic was born, a business transaction made Croly and me acquainted with a man to whom we took an immediate liking, and who seemed to like us and to note with a rather shy pleasure the progress of our acquaintance towards friendship. Our business kept us all three together, but it was Croly who became the more intimate with Brown. They had outside interests in common. And then, unexpectedly, Brown went back on us, left us in the lurch, took to the only boat and made for shore. Croly, who knew one detail I didn't know, had a right to be the angrier, but was not. A week or so later he disclosed, under promise of secrecy, this extra detail. It made Brown's performance look not only worse than ever, but comic. At the last moment he had thought fit to try and clothe the nakedness of his rapacity, and his means to this end were grotesque, like trying to hide an arc light in a bit of gauze. It was funny, to be sure, but it was pretty bad. "Well," I said, "I shall take care to remember that as long as I live." Croly answered, with a smile: "I shall forget it as soon as I can." And he had forgotten it, so far as I could make out, within two or three years.

Magnanimity of this stamp never exists, I suppose, apart from courage. There was certainly great courage in Croly's magnanimity. He must have felt, no one could help feeling if human, the impact of that persecuting spirit which his fight for unpopular opinions exposed him to as long as the War lasted, and longer. The attacks upon him varied from the most open to the meanest, nor were they the highest price a man of Croly's sensitive nature had to pay for his courage and persistence. He saw old friendships die suddenly, saw them dwindle into estrangements, and these things must have tasted bitter. Yet he was not embittered. I never heard him speak as a victim. He had learned to tolerate intolerance.

It makes one happier about Herbert to know that while some old friends were going, new friends came, good friends whom his faith and his battles for his faith brought to his office and his house. To find new friends when you are past forty-five, and to owe them, in the first instance, to their gratitude for the beliefs you care most about, is a reward which does not come to most men. And on the

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staff of The New Republic, as soon as the paper started, Herbert found the much younger friend whose intellectual companionship, I should say, was one of the happiest experiences in his later life. More and more, as he grew older, he found younger men coming to him because of their interest in his ideas, and remaining his friends because they prized his companionship. They felt, I am sure, the youth of his spirit. When a man has within his mind, as Herbert had, an overflowing spring of thought, he does not grow old like the rest of us. His whole self is near some source of living being, and his youth is renewed by this nearness. Two summers ago, a few months before he fell ill, what struck me most in Herbert was his power still to feel, to think and to enjoy as though he were half his actual age.

PHILIP LITTELL.

Herbert Croly's Contribution to American Life

HERBERT CROLY was born in the period of greatest political degradation which this country has known. In the years after the Civil War there was a sudden enormous increase in the fields and the rewards of individual enterprise. The great issues before the country seemed to have been settled; men whose patriotism had been elicited by the struggle for the Union and the abolition of slavery turned their energy to developing industry and pushing back the frontier. They left politics to the politicians, whose services they could buy when necessary. Government was dirty business, from the presidency down. There was violent partisan activity centering nationally about the fate of the conquered South, but people who were intelligent and sensitive enough to be self-respecting withdrew from it. American democracy, after surmounting its greatest test, seemed on the point of perishing from dry rot.

When Croly went to Harvard the situation had improved somewhat, but if politics was less obviously corrupt, it was increasingly vulgar. The Harvard generation in Croly's day was a remarkable one. The tradition of the class of 1886 survived through The Harvard Monthly—its first board was headed by Alanson B. Houghton, and included George Santayana and George Rice Carpenter, followed by George P. Baker, Bernard Berenson and Robert E. Neil Dodge. In succeeding years came Robert Herrick, the Hapgoods, William Vaughn Moody and Trumbull Stickney. These men represented the consciousness of the place. They were interested in philosophy, esthetic criticism, poetry and good prose. History was a respectable subject. Free trade was a permissible theme for mental exercise in Taussig's class room, but when Eliot carried it to Tremont Temple the proceeding was thought questionable. There were efforts made to enlist our enthusiasm for the scholar in politics, but the example of Henry Cabot Lodge was not inspiring, and when Theodore Roosevelt came to speak on civil-service reform, he was dismissed in Artemus Ward's tolerant phrase as "an amusing little cuss." It is with some optimism that one notes the later careers of several of the men I have mentioned: Houghton abandoning his beautiful and pessimistic poetry to become Ambassador and Senator (failed); Norman Hapgood leaving Carlyle's quarrel with the eighteenth century and Diderot's paradox of acting to manage John Purroy Mitchel's and Al Smith's campaigns. The Spanish War and atrocities in the Philippines led Moody to write the noblest political verse in our literature; and the deceptions and disillusionments of the World War brought Herrick to write our best political novel. But in the Harvard of the early nineties Herbert Croly was alone as an example of an intellectual making politics his chief preoccupation, and I think he was lonely. He was, however, fitting himself for the chief service of his life—and none can be more important in a democracy—that of giving politics the status of an intellectual pursuit, a subject of critical and discriminating examination and a guide to coöperative activity. In this he was renewing and transplanting the tradition of English liberalism of the nineteenth century—of Macaulay and John Stuart Mill, of Morley and Bryce.

"The Promise of American Life," which appeared in 1909, was his first significant contribution toward that end, an original essay in historical criticism. It is rather surprising to read over that book and note the appearance of many ideas upon American life which critics of the younger generation have taken over and made commonplaces. The book came into the hands of progressive teachers and lifted the study of political science in American colleges to a higher plane. It is an extremely clear and interestingly illustrated presentation of a central theme, the necessary association of the

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American national idea with American democracy. This theme he finds in the struggle over the Constitution, and the first political duel, that between Hamilton and Jefferson. Croly writes as a Hamiltonian, and his comments on "Jefferson's intellectual superficiality and insincerity" seem to me wrong. But Jefferson can stand it, and the example afforded of clear-cut, frank speech instead of conventional compliment is too salutary to be lost. And Croly's essential fairness appears in his honest admission that Hamilton "perverted the American national idea almost as much as Jefferson perverted the American democratic idea. . . . The founders of the Constitution did succeed in giving some effect to their distrust of the democratic principle no matter how conservatively defined. . . . Founded as the national government is, partly on a distrust of the American democracy, it has always tended to make democracy somewhat suspicious of the national government."

Croly with all his belief in Federalist nationalism is candid in admitting that the real failure of our system is in the denial of democratic control. "Every popular government should in the end . . . possess the power of taking any action which, in the opinion of a decisive majority of the people, is demanded by public welfare. Such is not the case with the government organized under the federal Constitution. . . . A very small percentage of the American people can in this respect permanently thwart the will of an enormous majority." Nor does he hesitate to draw the inevitable conclusion in terms which Jefferson and Lincoln used, and which today are bringing men into peril of their lives at the hands of the guardians of law and order. "The time may come when the fulfillment of a justifiable democratic purpose may demand the limitation of certain rights, to which the Constitution affords such absolute guarantees; and in that case the American democracy might be forced to seek by revolutionary means the accomplishment of a result which should be attainable under law."

"The Promise of American Life" resulted in bringing to Croly the support of others of like mind, and enabled him to launch The New Republic, of which the constant effort has been to treat politics both with imagination and reality. Those were hopeful days, interrupted soon by the War. I suppose it is unnecessary for me to say that I did not agree with the attitude of The New Republic toward the participation of the United States in the conflict. Later Croly was candid in admitting that it was wrong. But as I was not then an editor I can say that I admired the decision of the paper to demand the fulfillment of our national pledges, pledges alike to those who fought for us and those who fought against us, and its refusal to compromise with the lies of Versailles. It cost the paper much; it cost Croly more in the failure of hopes and plans for which his life had been a preparation, and for the realization of which public support was necessary. The decision to forego the advantage and authority which The New Republic had gained was one of the bravest things in the history of American journalism. It was characteristic of Croly, of his honesty and integrity.

After the War the country seemed to have entered on a period similar to that which followed the Civil War. The tide of corruption had submerged the Department of Justice and risen to the first floor of the White House. When I joined the staff of The New Republic I found Croly somewhat weary of politics and skeptical of results to be achieved by its means. And he was extremely sympathetic toward proposals for integrating the policy of the paper in other directions. It was, however, to politics that he had trained himself, and it was to politics that he turned again with renewed energy when there seemed a new possibility of investing the subject with intellectual interest as well as popular appeal. His career, cut short so unhappily, remains a witness to the fundamental character of this form of coöperative activity for all who would keep the democratic faith.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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Herbert Croly and American Political Opinion

THE ILLUSION of fresh stirrings possesses every generation. Certainty that an old tradition has become inadequate may merely prove the strength of the illusion. Yet a quarter-century ought to correct the blind vanity of youth. In any event, those of us who came to maturity in the Roosevelt era are still confident that new questionings and confusions and conflicts were beginning then to push their way to the surface of American society. The raucous voices and pugnacities of the Roosevelt days were not merely reflexes of his personality. Rather does Theodore Roosevelt appear to have been a function of his time—the first President to express the need for adjusting our political system to the changes resulting from the practical cessation of pioneer conditions and the increasing concentration of economic power. To be sure, the conflict between the Western farmer and the Eastern capitalist had already registered itself in the seventies in successive agricultural movements; the assertion of national authority against railroad control wrote itself into legislation in 1887; and in 1890 the Sherman Law began its career of futile resistance to the power of economic monopoly.

In truth history *is* a seamless web. For at the very birth of the American Republic there begins to unfold, with the inevitability of a Greek drama, the conflict between a society of rustic simplicity and that of industrial capitalism. But in history also the emphasis makes the song, and what was episodic, tentative and subordinate in the decades before Roosevelt, after the Spanish War emerged with central significance. Sectional and abortive movements of the past attained enduring national scope. Proposals of heretics and outcasts became presidential policies. Behind the diverse and discordant movements for reform to which Roosevelt gave voice lay the assumption that the traditional hopes of American democracy had been defeated and its purposes subverted by social and economic forces not contemplated by the founders of our nation. But there was lacking a thoroughgoing critical analysis of the ways in which Americanism had become merely a formal creed and a "combination of optimism, fatalism and conservatism." Roosevelt's exhilarating vitality readily lent a feeling of coherence to these motley elements of skepticism and reform. And his optimism suited the American tradition in evading rather than exposing the conscious transformation required of American opinion, if American democracy was to practise with success the art of self-government under changed conditions.

Stand-pattism had been challenged largely by slogans. The rallying cry was progressivism, and in Herbert Croly it found its philosopher. The progressive movement really came to its full tide after Roosevelt left the White House. Roosevelt himself made the most radical critique of the traditional system not while President, but when in opposition. In 1914, during the Wilson administration, Croly could write with strict accuracy, "For the first time in four generations American conservatism was confronted by a pervasive progressivism, which began by being dangerously indignant and ended by being far more dangerously inquisitive." And to the "thoroughgoing curiosity" which conservatives themselves had provoked, Croly made the most powerful single intellectual contribution. His "Promise of American Life" was published in November, 1909, and reprinted the following June. Its total sales amounted only to about 7,500 copies. Those were the days before book clubs, but it is hard to think of this book at any time as "the book of the month." Croly never was meant for mass readers.

But the "Promise" is one of those books which prove that the influence of ideas is not to be measured by sales. To omit Croly's "Promise" from any list of half a dozen books on American politics since 1900 would be grotesque. It became a reservoir for all political writing after its publication. Roosevelt's New Nationalism was countered by Wilson's New Freedom, but both derived from Croly. Very little political literature ever survives its day, and the devastation of the World War was especially fatal to the political speculation which preceded it. But Croly's thinking cut below episodes and incidents. He had an avid interest in the shifting scenes of contemporary politics and in its fleeting personalities. But for him, politics floated in the stream of history and was significant only in so far as it fulfilled the possibilities of man's nature. For years he was a student of philosophy, nurtured by William James and Royce and Santayana; for years

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also he soaked himself in European as well as American history. Unlike almost all American pre-war writers on politics (with the notable exception of Captain Mahan, because of his special interest in navalism) Croly saw the American situation with its international implications. Thus, when American political writers generally were unconcerned with America's relation to the world, he wrote, "A decent guarantee of international peace would be precisely the political condition which would enable the European nations to release the springs of democracy; and the Americanism which was indifferent or suspicious of the spread of democracy in Europe would incur and deserve the enmity of the European peoples."

And so it comes about that the vitality of the "Promise" has survived even the World War. Of course not all of it, and not in its details. Already in 1914, in his "Progressive Democracy," he had made additions and subtractions. But no student of American politics can now reread "The Promise of American Life" without assenting to its essential analysis. The book runs the whole gamut of American political problems and faces them unflinchingly. Croly's writing is organic and does not readily lend itself to pithy quotations. He subjected himself to the painful labor of thought, and spared the reader little in going over his own journey. Yet perhaps a few paragraphs will indicate the task which he set for himself in the "Promise" and the temper in which he approached it.

Croly challenged the state of mind of the ordinary American who considered himself the member of a chosen people, whose success was guaranteed by Manifest Destiny. His book was concerned with defining our destiny in terms of national purposes:

> When the Promise of American life is conceived as a national idea, whose fulfillment is a matter of artful and laborious work, the effect thereof is substantially to identify the national purpose with the social problem. What the American people of the present and the future have really been promised by our patriotic prophecies is an attempt to solve that problem. They have been promised on American soil comfort, prosperity and the opportunity for self-improvement; and the lesson of the existing crisis is that such a promise can never be redeemed by an indiscriminate individual scramble for wealth. The individual competition, even when it starts under fair conditions and rules, results, not only, as it should, in the triumph of the strongest, but in the attempt to perpetuate the victory; and it is this attempt which must be recognized and forestalled in the interest of the American national purpose. The way to realize a purpose is, not to leave it to chance, but to keep it loyally in mind, and adopt means proper to the importance and the difficulty of the task. No voluntary association of individuals, resourceful and disinterested though they be, is competent to assume the responsibility. The problem belongs to the American national democracy, and its solution must be attempted chiefly by means of official national action.

After the War, Croly saw more clearly than ever the extent to which democracy must vindicate itself otherwise than through political action—the extent to which political action is itself an aspect of mature education and coöperative living. But at no time did he minimize the implications of democracy or maximize political reliances. With him humanism was always central. Not the sectarian humanism that is now having its day, not the humanism of negation, but the joyous humanism that is an affirmation of the latent possibilities of human nature. Such was the culminating note of the "Promise":

> For better or worse, democracy cannot be disentangled from an aspiration toward human perfectibility, and hence from the adoption of measures looking in the direction of realizing such an aspiration. It may be that the attempt will not be seriously made, or that, if it is, nothing will come of it. Mr. George Santayana concludes a chapter on "Democracy" in his "Reason in Society" with the following words: "For such excellence to grow general mankind must be notably transformed. If a noble and civilized democracy is to subsist, the common citizen must be something of a saint and something of a hero. We see, therefore, how justly flattering and profound, and at the same time how ominous, was Montesquieu's saying that the principle of democracy is virtue." The principle of democracy *is* virtue, and when we consider the condition of contemporary democracies, the saying may seem to be more ominous than flattering. But if a few hundred years from now it seems less ominous, the threat will be removed in only one way. The common citizen can become something of a saint and something of a hero, not by growing to heroic proportions in his own person, but by the sincere and enthusiastic imitation of heroes and saints, and whether or not he will ever come to such imitation will depend upon the ability of his exceptional fellow-countrymen to offer him acceptable examples of heroism and saintliness.

This was not merely rhetoric, for in the most eloquent pages of the book he had analyzed Lincoln as a transcendent democrat:

> The average Western American of Lincoln's generation was fundamentally a man who subordinated his intelligence to certain dominant practical interests and purposes. . . . Lincoln, on the contrary, much as he was a man of his own time and people, was precisely an example of high and disinterested intellectual culture. During all the formative years in which his life did not superficially differ from that of his associates, he was in point of fact using every chance which the material of Western life afforded to discipline and inform his mind. . . . While still remaining one of a

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> body of men who, all unconsciously, impoverished their minds in order to increase the momentum of their practical energy, he none the less achieved for himself a mutually helpful relation between a firm will and a luminous intelligence. His intelligence served to enlighten his will, and his will, to establish the mature decisions of his intelligence. . . . Just because his actions were instinct with sympathy and understanding, Lincoln was certainly the most humane statesman who ever guided a nation through a great crisis. . . . In the midst of that hideous civil contest which was provoked, perhaps unnecessarily, by hatred, irresponsibility, passion and disloyalty, and which has been the fruitful cause of national disloyalty down to the present day, Lincoln did not for a moment cherish a bitter or unjust feeling against the national enemy. . . . Lincoln had abandoned the illusion of his own peculiar personal importance. He had become profoundly and sincerely humble, and his humility was as far as possible from being either a conventional pose or a matter of nervous self-distrust. . . . His humility, that is, was precisely an example of moral vitality and insight rather than of moral awkwardness and enfeeblement. It was the fruit of reflection on his own personal experience—the supreme instance of his ability to attain moral truth both in discipline and in idea; and in its aspect of a moral truth it obtained a more explicit expression than did some other of his finer personal attributes. His practice of cherishing and repeating the plaintive little verses which inquire monotonously whether the spirit of mortal has any right to be proud indicates the depth and the highly conscious character of this fundamental moral conviction. He is not only humble himself, but he feels and declares that men have no right to be anything but humble; and he thereby enters into possession of the most fruitful and the most universal of all religious ideas.

The "Promise" may fairly be called seminal for American political thinking. The seeds it scattered bore one concrete and wholly unexpected fruit. The New Republic was the direct offspring of the book. Croly himself has told the story of its founding in his characteristic modest and impersonal way. In the ardent and public-spirited minds of Willard and Dorothy Straight, the "Promise" stirred ambition to promote the endeavor towards a humane and self-conscious America as sketched by the book. And so in October, 1914, The New Republic was launched. Others must tell the romance and the difficulties of the enterprise, the wisdom and humility, the endurance and generosity required of the leader of a group of highly gifted temperaments. It is, however, appropriate to recall Croly's conception of the purpose of a "journal of opinion":

> We called it a journal of opinion. Its object was less to inform or entertain its readers than to start little insurrections in the realm of their convictions. Opinions are the currency by which the citizens of a democracy exchange spiritual values. But just because they pass through many hands, serve so many doubtful purposes, and are accepted at their face value by undiscriminating tradesmen, they tend to become dull, shopworn and even debased. . . . We wished to prick or even goad public opinion into being more vigilant and hospitable, into considering its convictions more carefully and into attaching to them a higher intrinsic value.

The function of the editorial writer, according to Croly, was that of social mediation. But his acutely sensitive integrity made him uncommonly aware of the pitfalls of self-deception to which the purveyor of opinion was exposed. With surgeon-like candor, he analyzed the dangers of that very dogmatism against which The New Republic was to serve as a ferment:

> It is, I think, useful to compare editorials to the petty currency of social intercourse, but the comparison interprets only part of what takes place in the minds of the writers and readers of editorials. Editorials rarely stimulate either one or the other to seek some better approximation to the truth for themselves. When I write an editorial, I am not conversing with my readers; I am usually telling them what is what. To be sure they hand me a penny for my thoughts, but how often do I believe that my pearls of opinion are worth no more than a penny? On the other hand, if I succeed in being honest with myself, how can I protect my readers from expecting too much from me? [The editor's] natural desire to play his part bravely almost forces him into magnifying the pretensions of his job. He parades under the veil of anonymity the valor of ignorance. He makes sounds as if his editorials issued like an oracle from some divinely subsidized source, and they sound sonorous in his own ears. . . . What we editors need is a method of cutting opinions to suit the rapidly changing body of an editor's problems without depriving our own minds of continuity and integrity and without pretending to ourselves and others that in this business fine feathers make fine birds.

Croly thus stated what in recent years became more and more the central problem of his thinking; how to adjust one's life in its social relations, how to contribute the experience gained from a conscious direction of the individual to the social fund of experience. More and more he was seeking illumination for the problems of politics from the slow accretions of insight into human behavior. He had no fixed system and was wholly committed to the fact that the findings of science are tentative, particularly the findings of scientific observation of human conduct. He was constantly striving towards a synthesis, but he realized that true insight depends on the interaction of an analytic-synthetic process. He would frequently talk of the "purging of personality from opinion." By this he meant an "inveterate curiosity about life," which included in

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the sphere of curiosity the thoughts and actions of one's own life. The effort was nothing less than to be actor and observer at the same time. This highly complicated self-conscious process he attempted to formulate at once as a confession and as a faith:

> Instead of treating the world as the permanent possibility of being edified by my virtuous opinions, I am treating it as something which must primarily be inspected through the eye-glasses of my own feelings and interests, but always with the deliberate intention of separating what I observe from the coloring which my personality gives it. There seems to be a chance that in this way I may build up within myself a vision of the world and of my relation to it whose reports are not tainted at their source. In order to have any power of edifying or coördinating worldly processes and activities for the benefit of my readers, I must begin by coördinating the instinctive, emotional and intellectual activities which make up my life. Coördination, like charity, must find a home in the individual spirit, or it will have to satisfy itself with a habitation in churches, states and other institutions; and it is absurd even to seek the kind of coördination which we editorial writers among others need unless we can learn how to purify, stretch and intensify individual consciousness.

In fair weather and foul he lived his faith with extraordinary fidelity. Though highly sensitive and strong-willed, he maintained his intellectual and emotional rectitude with unruffled serenity. He was a Spartan, but the more Spartan because he wanted a world of joy and beauty and could revel in their exercise. I have never known a worldly man who was more just, nor one of tenacious will more gentle and forbearing. He cared passionately for the fulfillment of the promise of American life, and because he so cared, he labored with an almost heroic perseverance to bring his own life into the greatest possible accord with the insight that was vouchsafed him. He was as far removed from a prig as the poles are asunder; nothing therefore could have been farther from his mind than to serve as an exemplar. But if he had been consciously designed as a model of brave and sincere and generous living, he could not have been fashioned more appropriately.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

Notes for a Biography

IF I WERE attempting anything like an appraisal of Herbert Croly I should say, I think, that he was the first important political philosopher who appeared in America in the twentieth century. I should say that "The Promise of American Life" was the political classic which announced the end of the Age of Innocence with its romantic faith in American destiny and inaugurated the process of self-examination. That is, of course, the opinion of a very grateful friend; yet I believe it will be justified when our history is sufficiently distant and neutral to be interpreted. It would be presumptuous for me to attempt to demonstrate this opinion now. I was closely associated with Herbert Croly for nearly eight years and I should like to set down a few notes which may give his biographer the clue to significant events at certain important junctures of his life.

The New Republic was founded to explore and develop and apply the ideas which had been advertised by Theodore Roosevelt when he was the leader of the Progressive party. Roosevelt ran in 1912; the general plans of The New Republic were worked out by Croly and by Mr. and Mrs. Straight in 1913. Towards the end of 1913 Croly selected the first board of editors—Walter Weyl, Francis Hackett, Philip Littell and myself. We spent the winter of 1913-14 preparing for publication in the early autumn. We started, in other words, on the assumption that we were enlisted as loyal, though we hoped critical, members of the Progressive movement. We thought that movement was established. We thought that Roosevelt would continue to lead it. We never dreamed that there would be a World War before our first issue was printed.

All the editors were to be free and equal, although in fact Croly was the editor-in-chief. In the preparatory stages we settled everything that seemed interesting by agreement of the whole board; when we really had to face the business of issuing the paper every week we became more or less separated in fact, though never wholly in theory, into separate departments. Francis Hackett, who had edited the most brilliant literary supplement in America for The Chicago Evening Post, became the literary editor. Philip Littell invented his own department, "Books and Things." It turned out to be the patrician father of a whole race of newspaper columns. Miss Charlotte Rudyard was a kind of assistant managing editor. Robert Hallowell combined the duties of business manager and art editor. Walter Weyl, Croly and I did most of the political writing. We were joined somewhat later by Alvin S. Johnson. Of the four of us, Croly and Weyl had been especially close to Roosevelt in his Bull Moose days. Croly had, I think, made

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articulate for Roosevelt his aspiration to combine the social and political reforms initiated by Bryan and La Follette with a Hamiltonian affection for a strong national government. Most of the philosophy came from Croly, and I think also the name by which it was then known. It was the New Nationalism. Weyl was essentially an economist and social reformer rather than a political theorist, and it is interesting that the book which was his contribution to the progressivism of those days was called, not the New Nationalism, but "The New Democracy." Croly and Weyl had no difficulty in agreeing, but each had a different emphasis. Broadly speaking, Croly was in the tradition of Hamilton, Lincoln the Unionist and Roosevelt the Progressive, whereas Weyl was in the tradition of Jefferson, the Abolitionists and the Wilson Democracy.

The trouble we had finding a name for the paper illustrates what I am saying. Croly's first choice—the name he really wanted—was The Nation. It seemed to him the perfect name for the paper he wished to publish. That was, of course, before Mr. Villard took over The Nation, in the days when its old glories had faded and it had not yet been reborn. The name was preëmpted, and so after much debate we picked the nearest approximation and called the paper The Republic. It was The Republic for some weeks in our preliminary advertising, and then suddenly another The Republic turned up. Its habitat, I think, was Boston; its circulation was exclusive—largely, I seem to recall, among the followers of Honey Fitz—and its publisher was righteously angry at our attempt to steal his name. We had to differentiate ourselves, and so with a positive dislike for the suggestion of utopianism, we called the paper The New Republic.

Before we got under way the War broke out in Europe, and like most of the rest of mankind we found that we had to improvise a new philosophy on very short notice. We guessed wrong a number of times, and on some points, I think, we guessed right. Among the things we were clear about and also right was that the war in Europe marked the end of American isolation and that the business of neutrality was played out. Croly's statement of that position in the first issue, which appeared in November, 1914, was astonishingly prophetic. The much debated question of why The New Republic supported American participation in the War is answered right there. Croly was never a pacifist in the sense that Mr. Villard, for example, is a pacifist, and although in later years he came to have very deep doubts about America's part in the War, in the years 1914-17 there was never any question in his mind, I think, that under certain circumstances, such as the threat of German victory, it would be necessary for America to enter the War.

The position which the paper assumed resulted in giving me my only experience of what it feels like to be offered a bribe. A distinguished English publisher arrived at the office and stated that if we would promise to produce an article a week in the same vein he was prepared to buy fifty thousand copies a week for the duration of the War. Thus we learned rather early in the War that in addition to the German propaganda there was an Allied propaganda.

Our general position at the outset delighted Roosevelt and we saw a good deal of him in the first few weeks. We were highly critical of Wilson, contemptuous of Bryan, who was Secretary of State, and Roosevelt had not yet decided that Wilson should have intervened in the War in August, 1914. Then suddenly we had a falling out with Roosevelt. He was attacking Wilson and Bryan all along the line and particularly for their Mexican policy. One day he let loose a blast charging them, as I now recall it, with having failed to avert certain atrocities committed in Mexico. It seemed to us a brutally unfair attack, and though we disliked Wilson's Mexican policy, we criticized Roosevelt sharply. He reproached us bitterly and never forgave us. After that we never had any close personal association with any public man.

Our relations with Wilson were never personal. I don't think Croly ever saw Wilson when he was President; in the winter of 1916 I had two or three interviews, such as any journalist has with the President. Croly and I did begin to see something of Colonel House. It was a curious relationship. Wilson was preparing to run for his second term; his main problem was the management of American neutrality. We discussed the problem perhaps once a fortnight with Colonel House. He never told us what the President was going to do. We never knew anything that hadn't appeared in the newspapers. In our own minds we followed the logic of the situation as we saw it. Partly by coincidence, partly by a certain parallelism of reasoning, certainly by no direct inspiration either from the President or Colonel House, The New Republic often advocated policies which Wilson pursued. The legend grew that The New Republic was Wilson's organ, and once to our intense surprise the stock market reacted when an issue of The New Republic appeared on the news stands. The paper was never the organ of the Wilson administration. We never knew any secrets, we never had a request to publish or not to publish anything, and we were not in a confidential relationship. Colonel House made it his business to see all kinds of people, and we were among the people he saw. Occasionally the President and Colonel House took an idea from The New Republic as they took it from many other sources.

Once the President horrified us by appropriat-

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ing a phrase and employing it in a sense we had never intended. In analyzing the peace offer made by Bethmann-Hollweg in December, 1916, we had said, entirely by way of description and analysis, that the proposal was an offer of "peace without victory." We did not like the offer ourselves and did not mean to praise it. A few weeks later the President produced an unroar by coming out as the advocate of a peace without victory. However sound the idea, the phrase itself, as I think Colonel House agreed, was inept. But it helped among other things to establish the legend of The New Republic as Wilson's personal organ, a legend which was not dissipated completely until Wilson's Postmaster-General contemplated suppressing the paper for advocating a Wilson peace in the mad days of 1918.

We broke with Wilson the week after the Treaty of Versailles was published. I had been away from the paper during the War and had returned to it two or three months before the Treaty was concluded. The decision to oppose ratification was Croly's. I followed him, though I was not then, and am not now, convinced that it was the wise thing to do. That the Treaty was a deplorable breach of faith was clear; the question was whether the Covenant of the League was an instrument for perpetuating or for correcting the evils of the Treaty. We decided that it would perpetuate them if America ratified, whereas if America abstained, revision was inevitable because France did not have the power to enforce the Treaty. A strong case can be made for and against this view. If I had to do it all over again I would take the other side; we supplied the Battalion of Death with too much ammunition.

One other incident occurs to me which is rather curious in retrospect. It is that we started Herbert Hoover's presidential boom at the end of 1919. Our most important convert, or perhaps I should say our immediate successor, was Frank I. Cobb, the editor of The World. A few weeks after The New Republic had proposed Mr. Hoover for President, Cobb nominated him with such thunder that Mr. Hoover himself took it seriously, and after due deliberation pronounced himself a Republican by faith and conviction. Cobb always attributed Mr. Hoover's Republicanism to Mr. Julius Barnes, and the legend in The World office is that when Mr. Hoover called up Cobb a few days later and said he wanted some political advice, Cobb replied, "Mr. Hoover, I am an expert on the grain market; if you want a political expert talk to Barnes." Since Mr. Hoover is President, maybe Barnes was right. In any event The New Republic picked a President of the United States even if it misjudged the date by eight years. And if anybody wants to see the Hoover propaganda in its pristine form he can find it in the files of The New Republic.

The most exhilarating experience we had, as I look back now, was the resistance of The New Republic in 1919 and 1920 to the Red hysteria. It is difficult today to remember the idiotic intolerance which descended upon the country in those days. Occasionally I have to turn back the files of old newspapers, and the things that were said and done by men now eminent for their sanity are unbelievable. It was the most disgraceful exhibition of general cowardice and panic which any of us is likely to experience. The New Republic stood firm and took its punishment, and the credit is Herbert Croly's. He had the cold courage of a man who does not enjoy martyrdom. He was as brave and as imperturbable as any editor can hope to be. I have no pleasanter memory than of those days with Herbert Croly.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

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Herbert Croly's Liberalism

1920--1928

THE "New Nationalism," which was the name Herbert Croly had employed for his political philosophy before the European catastrophe, had, by 1920, suffered a complete eclipse. There survived voices of liberal protest, but their persistence was far from expressing what was in his mind. For the endeavor to which he had given himself was neither a mere formulation of attitude nor a futile blast of indignation. It was not an intellectual or moral exercise which might compensate the individual for the absence of its realization in the life of society. Such merely private satisfaction seemed to him trivial, even contemptible. What had united the liberal movement, as he expressed it in the fall of 1920, was that its several phases had "sought to stamp on the mind of the American voter some part of a progressive-democratic program as part of the national ideal." They had been trying to "nationalize the idea of reform." With the disintegration of Wilsonian liberalism, such as it was, and with the nomination and impending election of Harding, the progressives appeared further from this goal than they had been for twenty years.

There were several easy temporary courses for those who had been engaged in the movement. Some progressives, to express their resentment at Wilson's surrender of his war aims at Versailles and his desertion of liberal democracy at Washington, held their noses and voted for Harding. They had a facile confidence that progressivism could somehow survive under a Republican administration even with such cheap leadership. Some merely supported the colorless Cox. Some were satisfied to rail and ridicule, condemning the shallowness of American culture, the lack of intelligence of the average citizen, the fat-headed complacence of the dominant business man. This path led off into a smart assumption of superior irresponsibility. Some ran to the fringes of utopian radicalism, vainly hoping for an apocalyptic crisis. It was characteristic of Herbert Croly that he rejected all such escapes.

Confronted with the scattered impotence of the liberal forces, he looked into the mind and conscience of his own ranks in order to discover the causes of their failure. His intellectual integrity would not allow him to seek the source of weakness merely in external obstacles. He was always more severe, more searching, in relation to himself and his allegiances than he was in relation to his natural opponents.

His expression of the liberal aspiration had already been more fundamental than that of many of his associates. They had rested mainly in the demand for specific reforms, for new pieces of political machinery which, they thought, would furbish up society. But, in his mind, reforms were significant only as symbols of a basic spirit. The liberals, he wrote, "have all tried to convince public opinion that the fulfillment of the peculiar promise of American life depended not on the preservation of existing institutions, but upon readjustment of these institutions in the light of a careful study of new social and industrial conditions for the purpose of liberating a large quantity and a higher quality of American manhood and womanhood." What was important was the process of liberation of the personality, not mere achievement of honest city government, regulation of monopolies or better conditions for labor. When the fight for specific reforms petered out, many liberals lost a battle, but to Herbert Croly the reaction of 1920 was early apparent as an utter rout.

Even before the election, he published an article in The New Republic which expressed his view of the destitution of morale. "The various progressive groups," he wrote, "are no longer sure or clear about what they want. They do not know how to get what they want; nor are they willing to pay the price. Their political futility is born of the equivocal meaning of American liberalism, its failure to keep abreast of the best available social knowledge and its inability to interpret candidly the lessons of its own checkered career." The Roosevelt progressive party had been "an extremely composite political camp-meeting." Roosevelt too often "beguiled rather than convinced his converts." The movement had been left in the lurch successively by Roosevelt and by Wilson. The liberals had then turned to Hoover, but as early as this Herbert Croly rightly estimated his force. Hoover was an excellent representative of the liberals' own shallow equivocation. When he finally decided he was a Republican he announced, in effect, that he would put party loyalty above liberalism. "This was what the politicians wanted to know. They could and did ignore and defy him and his supporters, just as they will always defy such docile and well behaved insurrections against their authority." Middle-of-the-

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road liberalism, which Herbert Croly despised as a mechanical compromise whose position was passively determined for it by the movements of the extremes, had "skidded to the extreme right." As a result of all this the party politicians were "wallowing in the trough of equivocal verbosity which the eclipse of aggressive liberalism permits them to substitute for the honest definition of conflicting issues."

To understand the direction in which his mind turned at this time, one must remember that it was a period of intensified class conflict. The War had seen a rapid political rise of British labor, with its comprehensive social program, and a strengthened trade-union movement in the United States. Since the peace there had occurred a series of great strikes—notably in steel and coal. Labor and capital now confronted each other across no man's land. Living and working standards were immediately at stake, but more than these seemed to be involved. In other nations labor had announced its purpose of destroying capitalism; in this country capital was intent upon destroying organized labor. This issue, by its very magnitude, overshadowed old-fashioned political liberalism, though many of the liberals failed to recognize it.

Herbert Croly did so, not by being swept off his feet into a labor utopianism, but by trying to assimilate the situation to the aims he had at heart. The liberals, he wrote, had shared with their adversaries the assumption that the United States is a classless democracy whose ailments could be adjusted exclusively by political action. But, as a matter of fact, dominance, not only of economic processes but of government and even of public opinion, had fallen into the hands of the propertied class. Therefore, he said, "political democracy cannot overcome class government without calling to its assistance industrial and social democracy." He felt bitterly the injustice of the intimidation of opinion exercised crudely at that time through press and propaganda. It was important for the workers "to become conscious of the need for collective class action, not for the purpose of undermining the loyalty of the wage-earners to the state, but for the purpose of creating in a redistribution of power among classes the needed foundation for ultimate class-concert." Political democracy might be attained, he thought, not by ignoring classes, but by defining and balancing them. Although there had been a gulf between conscious labor and the liberals, "class rule, disguised by protective coloration to look like traditional democracy, is the common enemy." He characteristically did not accuse capitalism merely of enforcing low wages and long hours. He said that the great indictment against capitalism was that it had failed to provide the workers sufficient leisure, pay or security to equip them for equal participation in the activities of organized society. He advised the progressives to approach closer to and support labor. And he defined the support which he favored by a characteristic group of adjectives—"candid, discriminating and loyal."

His analysis led him to favor Christiansen, of the fledgling Farmer-Labor party. He acknowledged that this vote was "pale with unreality"; he had no illusion about the number of ballots Christiansen might receive, or about the future chances of his party. But the vote was an expression of faith in the direction which he thought would ultimately lead to something. It was in much the same spirit that he supported La Follette four years later. La Follette's background, he saw, was that merely of the middle-class reformer; the new Progressive economic program was woefully inadequate; the party's personnel was incompetent for the task to which it aspired, and it was likely to disintegrate after the election. But, by uniting disaffected farmers and laborers behind an attack on some of the more prominent citadels of complacent capitalism, it was beginning to define the irrepressible issue and to sift out the population on lines of economic interest for a future significant struggle. Its failure to establish itself as a permanent entity would be due to the fact that the workers were not yet fully conscious of this issue. Its status in the history of the attack on unregenerate capitalism he compared to that of the Free Soil party before the Civil War. But he hastened to add that by this comparison he did not imply that the struggle must have a similar bloody end. It was the beginning of an educational effort by which the republic could eventually be regenerated. After the election, the consolation he drew from defeat was that, for the first time, the dominant party had been forced to face the challenge and defend plutocracy. "A conservatism that has become conscious," he wrote, "has begun to decay."

From observation both of British and American contemporary politics, not only after the 1924 election, but before, he hammered out for himself a new conception of the role of progressives. The old idea had been to capture power and then make the necessary changes. But he saw that this was both too much to hope and not enough. It was unlikely that any really radical party could soon win power by votes, or could keep it very long if won, in view of the ability of the ruling conservatives to frighten so many kinds of people with a vision of the injury to their immediate interests which any marked disturbance to the existing business order would bring. Conservatives and representatives of capital would probably remain in the saddle for at least a generation. Furthermore, the radical parties could not, by mere exercise of poli-

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tical power, accomplish the results he really wanted, as long as so many individuals retained so little understanding and such insignificant moral stature. These parties, whenever in power, would be obliged to make compromises which would tarnish their bright faith and diminish their prestige. It was, therefore, the job of the progressives to gain "an increasing knowledge of human behavior and how it can be modified, economized and utilized." They would have to concentrate more upon social education.

By education, Herbert Croly never meant propaganda. It was useless merely to preach people into acceptance of articles of faith. People could be convinced and vitalized only through interpretation of their own experience. In the arena of public affairs, the progressives might help to provide this experience and its interpretation by starting parties, precipitating issues, creating ferments, acting at all times as the friends of intellectual honesty. This function was to be exercised for the benefit not only of their own expected converts, but of the ruling conservatives themselves. Against the conservatives the progressives would have to exert "sharp, persistent and implacable pressure." They were not to succumb to the temptation to become accomplices of the dominant forces. But at the same time, they would have to look to those who would actually be in power to sink the foundations of a new order. The conservatives, within a limited field, would be more competent, equipped with better technical resources. They would move haltingly and under constraint, but, nevertheless, circumstances would force them to move by inches, if only in self-protection. The progressives could help to convince them that they must move, by pointing out the difficulties which they would necessarily experience in operating a system which needed radical changes.

These tactics were partially exemplified in the campaign of 1928. There was no successor to the La Follette party. The Socialist party, in spite of the able and non-doctrinaire leadership of Norman Thomas, to which Herbert Croly gave generous credit, did not attract his allegiance because he could not believe that it had within it the germ of growth. Hoover and Smith each exhibited certain admirable qualities, but neither was fundamentally a progressive. Hoover had clearly become the conservative with a limited technical equipment, who might be forced to move by inches, but with whom progressives could not collaborate. The problem was to provide an opposition to him. The effort of the paper in the pre-nomination campaign and thereafter was to goad Smith into the sort of educational opposition of which it felt him capable. After Smith had outlined a real position on such questions as power and farm relief, the paper supported him—though without modifying its former skepticism about the validity of the Democratic party as a political instrument. Aside from his personal liking for Smith, and his feeling that Smith represented a proletarian city population which was wholesomely rude to the mores of the ruling plutocracy, Herbert Croly regarded the campaign merely as a step in political education—and a relatively minor one, since he never really expected Smith to be elected.

Though Herbert Croly never lost his interest in politics, it came to occupy a less important place in his intellectual world. One sign of this was his early conclusion that liberalism must be distinguished from political progressivism. Liberalism was really a mental attitude, the faith in "the pursuit of new truth as the chief agency of human deliverance." It had, by a historical accident, become associated with a particular economic and political creed, but that creed was now inapplicable. The British Liberal party was dying. The spirit of liberalism, however, was needed as much as ever, and it was needed in all parties. Some liberally inclined persons would, on account of their social status, be conservatives; others would become associated with labor or radical parties. This liberal leaven would help to civilize politics and make it more fruitful. But the spirit itself could not be successfully identified with any particular program; it was too restless, too conscientious, too scientific, too ready to admit qualifications which were ill adapted to the crude necessities of political campaigns and what he called "power politics." He had an amused lack of faith in the red-blooded, he-man-of-action type always popular in America, whose strength is so weak that he cannot tolerate a suspended judgment, and who jumps first to one conclusion and then to its exact opposite. In his later years, Herbert Croly was careful not to apply the word liberal to any political movement. And he valued the content which he gave it above any specific political aims.

Any summary of his writings, especially such a condensed one as this, must leave an undue impression of the weight which he gave to politics. Though politics was his province, he was little less concerned with other types of action and thought which he left mainly to others in the columns of the paper. The trade-union movement, and especially its experiments in the sharing of management, which he valued as a high type of social education, always interested him keenly. On international affairs he was, of course, an expert himself, and he followed with a realistic, indeed with an almost prophetic eye, the course of the nations after the War. He wrote about the possible revival of the integrity of the local community by means of consumers' and producers' coöperation. Adult education engaged his sympathetic attention—not as a

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means of information or seeking of shallow "culture," but as a possible way of getting mature persons out of uncreative ruts. Adults "need to recover some of the indeterminateness of their youth." They need "discontent, a more experimental disposition, skepticism and curiosity." They ought to renew "both their craving for experience and their ability to attach meanings to it." He believed that much depended on the growth of the social sciences, and he was attracted by all the newer theories in psychology, as well as in those departments in which he was more at home, such as history, political science, economics and sociology. He saw the significance of the new research institutions of which the Institute of Economics was one of the first. He was, of course, a constant devotee of the theater. And he did an astonishing amount of reading among the younger novelists and critics. He was both an admirer and a discerning critic of Hemingway, Virginia Woolf, T. S. Eliot and many others. This wide activity gave a rich content, in his mind, to the somewhat arid abstractions to which he reduced, in writing, the ends which he set up for social progress—phrases like "human deliverance," "regeneration," "fuller personality."

And finally, his preoccupation with religion in the last few years was dominant in his writings. In his religious articles he was far less able to reveal what was going on inside him than in his political essays; many readers, normally antipathetic to the subject, gave up any attempt to discover what he meant. Even his closest associates failed to understand them fully. But that they did not represent an escape from objective failure, whether into authoritarian dogma or the mazes of mysticism, is revealed by the countless clues in his other work which show that, whatever else it was, his religion was really an integral part of his social attitude. In "The Promise of American Life" he had already transmuted nationalism into a sort of religion; the whole apparatus of public institutions seemed to him justified by the hope of liberation which it held out to the personality. America's peculiar promise existed because in this nation for the first time, he felt, men had thrown off the heritage of institutions and superstitions, in the faith that man can be the master of his own destiny. The people who had made of the original American doctrine merely a body of binding rules seemed to him backsliders; they had sinned grievously by accepting the shell instead of the spirit. They could be robbed of their deadening authority by means of the influence of prophets and saints who would revivify the sense of the brotherhood and perfectibility of man. His belief in the concrete means by which this end was to be achieved underwent a continual change. His interest in religion began to be uppermost when he had written, "Thoroughgoing progressives must be ready to act on the supposition that human beings are capable of an amount and a quality of liberation for which the society of today neither affords the opportunity nor supplies trustworthy instruments."

The churches, fundamentalist and modernist alike, were, he believed, untrustworthy instruments for this purpose. The former were too traditional, too aloof from modern problems, and too inhospitable to the search for new truth. The latter he at first approved for their effort to apply religion to life by "social creeds," but he soon perceived that they had developed no technique for effectuating in the lives of men and women the doctrines which they preached. As for science, it was necessary, but the passive acceptance of the results of science got us nowhere; what was wanting was a way of applying scientific method in living. Thus, he came to a search for a sound experimental method in the life of the individual, to discover what he believed were the latent possibilities of the personality—a method which, spread by imitation, would provide the regenerating influence to validate as well as make possible his social and political aims.

Whether he was ever satisfied in this search I do not know. But at least until his fatal illness he had not been able so to formulate his system of ideas as to be ready to write the book in which it was his ambition to provide a sequel to "The Promise of American Life." His influence, expressed as it was in bits of comment on a large variety of subjects, was not so widely felt after 1920 as it had been before. He went from idea to idea; his philosophical bent usually led him to state each idea as an abstraction into which most of his readers could not infuse the content which he felt there. Any one of his points of view might have been worth an abundance of effort to elaborate and objectify; such effort, indeed, would have been necessary if they were to be communicated to large numbers.

He had not the trick of reducing his major conceptions to happy, simple phrasing. The gift was not so much one which he sought and failed to attain as one which he could not use, because he would not dismember his thought by dropping a train of adjectives or a series of clauses. Even if he had been able to make his meanings plainer, he could scarcely have been the leader of a contemporary movement. A group who at one moment would feel warmed by his support would soon be cooled by his inveterate necessity to qualify and criticize. Others followed specific programs and leaders through thick and thin; his comments seemed to them in the end half-hearted or even disloyal. But his loyalty had never been really at-

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tached to the sort of aim with which they were satisfied. He had successively to support and desert Roosevelt, Wilson and dozens of "causes." He was critical of capitalism, but he was not a Socialist; he was religious, but rejected all the churches.

I believe Croly's stature as a thinker will in the future be seen less in particular ideas which he expressed than in the example which he provided. He himself, if he had lived, would have continued to revise, renew and discard ideas. No one who knew him well can have failed to be profoundly influenced by his steady laborious search for richer and more veritable meanings in life, his incapacity for being long deceived by plausibility, diverted by failure, seduced by pride of prestige or distracted by the total pressure of modern civilization. Some are saints because they are too innocent to see corruption; his integrity was coupled with an acumen which we expect to find only in quite mundane men. It is difficult to express what one felt deeply within him without an association of unworldliness which was foreign to his mind. He combined an extraordinary awareness of the pettiness of events and the contrariness of character with an intense faith in the possibilities of human nature. This faith, undefined even by himself, gave him dignity, power and love. It sometimes led him to mistakes, so eager was his desire to find an object worthy of it. But the mistakes were soon acknowledged. And the faith gave him a tireless energy of discovery. If there were more men of this intellectual vibrancy, there would be greater hope of creating such a society as he sought.

GEORGE SOULE.

Herbert Croly and Architecture

IT IS DIFFICULT to analyze the traits of a friend, a process that requires a cool detachment. When I think of Herbert Croly, affection fills my thoughts, and to try to recall his architectural interests is to recall, first and last, our frequent conversations in which professional ideas, if I may so describe them, were lost in the extraordinarily wide vision of the man. But from these very conversations and his writings in The Architectural Record twenty-odd years ago, there comes back to me one vivid memory which helps me, as an architect, to pay tribute to his name. It is of his remarkable solidarity with the art we so often discussed, the insight, so unusual in the layman, to look at architecture from the architect's point of view.

An architectural theme was not, for him, merely an episode in the day's work. He cared for the subject, was keen upon its right development in this country and sensitive to all its aspects. He looked deeply into these, too. "It is the idea in a work of art that is striven after," was one of his convictions, and it was this feeling of his for the true, organic meaning of architecture that made him a useful interpreter of it. He had a way of making himself thoroughly familiar with the various categories in this art, and could write with equal effectiveness about city or country houses, clubs and all sorts of public buildings, not excluding theaters. It was of a badly designed theater that I remember his writing, "It belongs to the numerous group of the American architectural hybrid." That remark was characteristic of Herbert Croly in its forthright expression of disapproval. He was often a caustic critic. But I know that what gave him the highest pleasure was writing about good work.

He had ceased to contribute regularly articles on architecture when the skyscraper and the various exigencies of the zoning laws were producing their astonishing effect on the aspect of the modern city. These things I know excited him and he was filled with the hope that some great good to architecture would come of these economic necessities.

My concern at the present time, however, is as to his writings at earlier times. Then he wrote generously, and understandingly, and with a clear recognition of historic standards. In the domain of sociology he was a progressive, as we all know. He followed the same principle in his attitude toward art, but he was also a reasoned traditionalist, persuaded both by instinct and by study that our evolution needs to be steadied by careful consideration of precedent. When he philosophized the architectural development of his time—and he was always philosophical, he never forgot the lesson of the past—all this made him a sound educational influence. Addressing an audience that embraced the professional and the layman, he appealed to both in favor of good taste. Writing at a period in which American architecture was being transformed, he held fast to tried principles and urged discrimination. I love to think of my old friend as having made a most valuable contribution to the highest ideals of architecture.

CHARLES A. PLATT.

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Herbert Croly and Journalism

I DO NOT propose to write in this place of Herbert Croly as a person. Those who are better qualified than I, both as to length of friendship and otherwise, are doing that. I wish to say something about the aspect of his career which first interested me in him and continued to do so: his life as a journalist.

It was with the founding of The New Republic, sixteen years ago, that Herbert Croly was first forced to think seriously about journalism. It is true that he had previously been for six years, from 1900 to 1906, editor of a periodical, The Architectural Record, and had retained a nominal connection with that paper as contributing editor; but a professional organ devoted to architecture gave room for the display of only the smallest part of his varied interest in public life and presented few editorial problems. From 1906 to 1914, he found expression for his individual views in the writing of the series of books which first brought him to wide public attention—"The Promise of American Life," "Progressive Democracy" and the life of Hanna. In these books, and particularly in the first, he gave a rounded exposition of his philosophy, more unified than he was ever able to make subsequently in the necessarily fragmentary discussions of weekly journalism. Nevertheless, I do not believe he ever regretted—or at least, not in a more than momentary mood—exchanging the social philosopher's study for the editor's chair. For he was profoundly interested in journalism as such, in the attempt to make of a weekly periodical an important part in the life of the community.

This interest came later, as I have suggested, than many others. The index to "The Promise of American Life" does not contain a single entry under "journalism," "newspapers" or "public opinion," or a reference to propaganda or any of its pre-war equivalents. He mentions no newspaper editor or proprietor except William Randolph Hearst, and the discussion of that individual is almost entirely in terms of his political and not his journalistic career. "The Promise of American Life" is predicated upon the assumption that there exist large groups of men who are seriously concerned for the welfare of their country, and that these men will somehow acquire from time to time the information they need regarding public affairs in order to make correct judgments; but as to the means by which this will be done, the book is silent.

With the founding of The New Republic in 1914, the problem of political journalism in a democracy became concrete to him; and the Great War, in which most of the editors of all countries were mercilessly mobilized in the cause of falsehood, heightened his sense of the seriousness of the problem. After eight years of editorship, in 1922, he summed up his own purpose as he then saw it, in a statement which was widely circulated under the title, "The New Republic Idea." After pointing out that most Americans had ceased to think at all about the political and social concepts on which this nation was founded, and that freedom for the masses was impossible under the economic servitude enforced upon most people, he concluded:

> Thus, while the present constitution of society, with its ultimate reliance on force rather than consent, renders a dangerous conflict between the rich and the poor necessary and even desirable, it is not less necessary that American society should brace itself to avoid being impoverished by a dose of such drastic medicine. There is no reason why it should be impoverished provided it remains faithful to the essentially democratic practice of submitting all such conflicts to full and fair discussion. Discussion which is full and fair will break up the unmanageable class conflict into minor specific manageable conflicts. It will enable public opinion to discriminate between those aspects of the existing capitalist institutions which work well, and those which are not working well, and it may prepare public opinion to deal remedially because drastically with its serious defaults. Discussion of this kind does not necessarily provide a remedy. It did not in the case of the anti-slavery conflict in this country. But it always absorbs a large part of the shock of the conflict; and in so far as it is fair and full its educational value is incalculable.
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> If discussion is to amount to more than a shock-absorber, it needs to be transfigured by a common conviction of the latent regeneracy and brotherhood of mankind. Only in an atmosphere provided by such a conviction will these deep class conflicts be fought out and ventilated until a constructive solution is reached. The contending parties will remain contentious in spirit, peremptory in their claims and coercive in their final methods unless they share with their opponents an affirmation of the latent possibilities of human nature and a willingness to test all programs, demands, privileges, institutions and traditions by their ability to contribute to the unfolding of these possibilities. . . .
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> Such is the idea which underlies the work of The New Republic. It is an idea whose vitality depends upon the maintenance of an extremely delicate balance between being specific and being general, between being aggressive and being conciliatory and between being practical and being visionary. The effort to embody it in the consecutive weekly issues of a journal cannot be more than occasionally successful. Even if

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> it were not difficult to carry on a weekly like The New Republic, weekly publications with limited circulations are, of course, pitifully inadequate spokesmen of so vast and pretentious an idea. Its only sufficient spokesmen are the schools and the churches. But the schools and the churches are not aroused either to the grave existing danger to civilization or to their own opportunity and function. Some time soon they will wake up. Until that time comes very little may help. Even an insignificant weekly can do something to keep faith alive in those members of the community who believe in the power of the truth to set men free.

To any professional journalist, this is an exciting statement, and exciting quite as much for what it leaves unsaid as for what it says. Quite apart from the problem of who is to write, and how he is to assure himself that his discussion is "full and fair," there is the tremendous task of seeing that this writing reaches the persons it should reach, and moves them in such ways that it does not become mere futile gesturing in a vacuum. How many such persons are there, and who are they? Do they, for instance, include men in practical politics? How large an audience is necessary for effectiveness, and at what point does the compromise with mere numbers begin to be dangerous for the quality of the doctrine uttered? To what degree is it justifiable to sacrifice the appeal to the intellect for the far more powerful, but dangerous and frequently meretricious, appeal to the emotions?

Few indeed are the journalists who answer these questions consciously and then try to live up to their philosophy. The normal procedure is for each man to address the audience to which he is adapted by temperament and experience, in a manner which is similarly dictated for him, and then to rationalize his position by ex post facto reasoning. Undoubtedly this rule applied more or less to Herbert Croly. Nevertheless, it is interesting and significant to know that at one time, before The New Republic had been launched, Willard Straight and he talked enthusiastically of a new daily newspaper they proposed to found, to be located preferably in New York City, a newspaper which would appeal to persons of the intelligence represented in the news columns of The New York Times and the editorial page of The New York World; a newspaper which ought to have several hundred thousand readers to make it successful. Yet when The New Republic was launched, it was conducted on a plane which seemed to preclude the possibility of its having more than, say, one hundred thousand subscribers at most; and actually, it has never come anywhere near the figure.

In journalism, Herbert Croly was a follower of Hamilton, not of Jefferson. He did his thinking at the highest intellectual level of which he was capable, and let those who could do so come up to his height. I should be surprised if there were ever in the fourteen years of his active editorship as many as 10 percent of the national House of Representatives and 20 percent of the Senate capable of following his discussion of public affairs without an abnormal intellectual effort that hardly anyone is willing to make. He wrote for the superior few, whether in politics, journalism or the learned professions. He thought of this intellectual aristocracy as influencing the trend of American life to an extent out of all proportion to its very limited numbers.

I do not mean, of course, that he deliberately tried to shut the gates against a larger audience, or a more popular treatment of The New Republic's themes than he himself could manage. He regretted the stiffness of his own style, and from first to last he eagerly sought out writers whose integrity he could respect, who had the knack of dealing excitingly with national and international questions. A surprisingly large number of men and women who have since become nationally prominent in this field owe their start to him. A well written letter from some unknown person would begin a correspondence which would presently result in a new and valuable contributor; a hopeless manuscript might suggest to him some other theme on which that author might write, and while there were plenty of failures in this process of selective conscription, there were successes, too. His literary judgment was admitted by professional critics to be admirable; one person after another has mentioned the way in which he welcomed new writers, new schools, even new philosophies, when his native taste must have been all against them.

The fact that he came late into active journalism was revealed in one curious incidental way. By the typical professional editor, a submitted manuscript is likely to be considered merely as raw material. He is prepared to chop it in two, tell the author to rewrite it, have it rewritten by someone else, interchange the introduction and the conclusion, or do any other drastic thing that occurs to him. By these red-blooded actions he compensates, perhaps, for the sense of inferiority which in America is felt by most men who sit at desks and play with words. For Herbert Croly, on the other hand, there was something inviolable about other men's writing (he was ruthless with his own). His native impulse was to feel that any contribution, whether done by one of the editors or submitted by an outsider, should stand or fall by the first form in which he saw it. Even a single phrase to which he objected would have been enough, if he had acted on his initial feeling, to produce an adverse decision. In years of experience, of course, he acquired a more flexible view, and some of the most

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interesting things The New Republic has published have been the result of rewriting done at his suggestion. But his first instinct continued to be what I have described. It grew, I think, out of his native respect for human personality. If the final test of liberalism is to want freedom for others as well as oneself—freedom for one's enemies and for people to whom one is indifferent—Herbert Croly was a liberal.

He made one important reservation to this principle in his editorial practice. He did not permit The New Republic to become a mere public forum where anyone might say anything he pleased on the frontiersman's policy of "Go it, bear! Go it, wife!" The paper's correspondence columns, under his editorship, were always open to the expression of any sort of view, whether the editors agreed with it or not; but the signed and unsigned articles in its pages contained only material which was in general accordance with New Republic policy. Herbert Croly felt that the editor's responsibility to his reader extended to giving endorsement and support to every contributor, which meant excluding those whose point of view was opposed to that of the paper. Critics sometimes protested that this amounted to an unfair censorship; but I do not see how any thoughtful person can hold this view, or can call the policy anything else than taking the task of editorship seriously.

With all his sensitivity to good writing, he was prepared to overlook the lack of it in persons who had something to say which he felt was important. I can remember numerous repetitions of the same incident—H. C. coming into my room with a manuscript grasped firmly in both hands, a cigarette in his mouth, his head tilted and eyes squinted to keep the smoke out of them. He would hand me the manuscript, saying in his low, diffident-sounding voice that he felt we should publish it even though he was prepared to predict—and he was often right in doing so—that it would cause protest among our readers, either because of its style or its content. Never once to my knowledge did he reject an article, if he felt that what it said was true, on the ground that it would displease people. Only those who know the steady pressure on every editor to be popular, to compromise with truth for the sake of numerical success, can know how unusual is the quality he thus displayed.

I think Herbert Croly would be the first to agree that he never wholly solved the fundamental problem of journalism, a problem which is probably incapable of solution. He did not succeed in getting the wisest writing read by the most powerful men; and even if he had, it is almost certain that they would not have acted upon the wisdom offered them. Most of the powerful men in America are in the service of private interests, and most of the private interests are indifferent or even actively hostile to the general good of the community. At the same time, no other person of his generation, so far as I am aware, tried so honestly and uncompromisingly to produce a journal which should be a significant factor in American life. No one else so unswervingly rejected the easy success to be attained by repeating the slogans of the mob in the loud, unreasoning voice the mob desires. He would have liked a wider audience, both for his own writings and for the journal as a whole, than they possessed; but he was not prepared to buy this audience at the cost of his own integrity.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

The Promise of Herbert Croly

MOST MEN are set and long past growing before they are forty. This is true of the conspicuous and successful, no less than of the common. They have contrived, from their first impacts with the world, some attitude, trick or gesture; it works; they stick to it until they are repetitive as machines. Herbert Croly was a growing man until he was stricken; and the rate of his growth kept on accelerating with the years. This rare capacity, which toward the end transfigured him, was his true genius.

If we analyze the nature of his growth, we come close to the man, and understand what made him so sound and beautiful a being. And the first trait upon which we come is his humility. Herbert Croly was authentically humble. Not humble with the inverted pride of a Franciscan or of a character of Dostoievsky's—because of raging lusts intolerable to himself which he had to flay into their opposite lest they drive him mad. Herbert Croly's humility came from a true sense of himself in the world—a sense of true proportion. In the years when I knew him, at least, he never seemed to be looking upon himself alone: always, he felt and saw and thought himself within a texture that was the rest of the world. From this proportion came sobriety and humility; and from this organic contact with life's sources, a spring-like energy that kept him growing.

There was nothing, I suppose, superficially brilliant or arresting about him. He was in cool fact what Whitman romantically sang: a "divine aver-

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age." By which I mean that he was a man whose preëminence came from the purification and exaltation of those traits that made him most like others. With the shining talents of the market place he was not lavishly gifted. The talent he had is rare in any mart: the capacity for growth, the moral, intellectual powers needed for growth, and a courage in devotion to the life of growth that served him in his long fight as sudden illumination serves the romantic hero.

How differently shrewd he was from the shrewd men with whom he deliberately consorted, and whom he ruthlessly noted while, for the most part, they took scant note of him. This world of atomic egos, bursting with pride and will, and disappearing into the darkness of the mass, after their brief explosion. And Herbert Croly, beginning in the mass, groping his obscure way through a sense of brotherhood and life, into true personality, into true wisdom. His first impulse was to accept. And this alone marked him off from his intellectual generation, and made his discoveries far more potential. He had a sympathy for the commonplace. His humility, deriving from his sense of proportion, made him instinctively, even intellectually, share. Here, his "averageness" ceased. For what he accepted and shared, he weighed with the same quiet ruthlessness that he brought to bear upon himself. That is why, at the end, he had won a deeper vision of his world than had any of his fellows. He had begun by letting himself be part of it, refusing nothing. From within, he had scrutinized, purified—inexorably judged.

Yet, if in this spirit, temper, method, he was different from the New York in which he worked, it was because he carried on so purely an American tradition. It is true, of course, that he did not come of old American stock, both his parents being born in Europe. But it is also true that in the making of Americans, lineage is the least factor. The immigrant is potentially American: that is why he came: he is brother in spirit, if not in blood, of Roger Williams and of Franklin. Moreover, the land itself stamps the child more deeply than do his fathers. Thus, despite the European background of Herbert Croly, there was much of the Puritan about him, a great deal of the pioneer. He trekked our continent of the modern spirit "on foot," slowly and laboriously blazing his way through the chaos. He understood creatively and creatively served it, because he had given himself to it; and this he had done because—like Emerson, like Whitman, like Thoreau, like all its deepest critics—he had faith in it.

These homespun traits, almost exactly transposed from the plane of the American forefathers, reveal the nature of his ideological growth. The man who, twenty years ago, wrote "The Promise of American Life" was essentially one who accepted the intellectual pattern of the hour. Herbert Croly was thinking in terms, then, of government commissions with ideals of knight-errantry, of moral agencies somehow working out through legislative bodies. His way of facing the problem of the good life at that beginning would have been familiar enough to Gladstone or to Burke. But having accepted the pattern, he applied to it a sincerity of penetration rare in any hour. His book, instead of following, became the test—and the destroyer—of its own pattern. He was feeling his way; and all of his career might similarly be termed a feeling of his way.

This trait gives the quality of his style; it lacked charm and ease because it was a process rather than a conclusion. It never flowered; it burrowed and made roots: whatever energy it evolved from its growth turned downward into deeper roots instead of blooming upward. From the standpoint of English, this is a grave defect. A written style should be a fruit, not an embryology for some future fruitage. But from the standpoint of the promise of American life, the style, like the man himself, was the very substance. His words portrayed the passage of the author slowly, circuitously through the jungle of half-decayed surmise which is the heritage of our generation. The ultimate light of what he wrote was the consequence of that passage. His words might be said to have ended with light, in contrast to most modern words which begin with glitter and end in darkness.

This book of twenty years ago began with a certain premise: America has the political technique and the human equipment to fulfill itself. The book studies the equipment—institutional, personal—turns back on its premise, and rejects it. The book does not conclude; it institutes. While the author writes, he grows: instead of ending, he changes. At the finale, he is free of the pattern of his hour, truly free since he has accepted it and lived it through.

The same method determined his work as editor. Any year, The New Republic might have been observed to reflect a certain enlightened but not too prophetic opinion of the country. Quantitatively, it was immersed in its own subject matter. Yet, qualitatively, there was always a divergence of vision and of aspiration. Its acceptance was ever tentative. Like the years of Herbert Croly's life, the pages of The New Republic revealed an attitude beyond, and even against, their dominant content. They, too, were an experience of usual current thought; yet gravid with some future. The revolutionary gesture was ever sacrificed to the organic experience. And any revolutionist, who knows that the experience must come first and revolution flower from it, will admit the historic

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rightness of Herbert Croly in the years of his action.

More than once, he espoused causes that seemed contradictory to the essence of the man as I later came to know him. Thus his devotion to the War, his sponsorship of the Progressivism of Roosevelt, his apparent dedication to the Pragmatism of John Dewey. But to condemn him for this was to misjudge him by standards that did not apply. Herbert Croly was not a prophet; he was an experimental and emergent force within the body politic—the force that energizes prophecy and must precede it: he personified the gradual principle of detachment within the process of his time. He was not espousing these causes that were indeed denials of his essence, so much as living through them, and as growing through them. By his acceptance of the War, of the instinctive Progressivism of Theodore Roosevelt, of the disguisedly prostrate Pragmatism of John Dewey, he was—in his own way—getting beyond them. And his humble method is, to me, the only possible promise of our nation, which too, having accepted these false positions with a self-knowledge and a humility like Herbert Croly's, may also get beyond them.

For his ultimate refusal was significant because he had lived through what he rejected. Herbert Croly went through a gamut of faiths in political reform; that is why his final doubts about the political method and his convictions on psychological and religious reëducation were important. He was well versed in the instrumentalisms and technological credos of his day; that is why his recognition of the nuclear spiritual force within the person and beyond the reaches of pragmatic methods was important. He knew the principles and methodologies of modern engineering; that is why his transposition and application of them to the personal problem were important, and why his ultimate religious interest—emergent from a practical participation in the affairs of our day—was so convincing and potential.

These later phases of his growth were clear only to those who personally knew him. He spoke of two books that he was going to write: a sequel to "The Promise" and an intimate record of his own evolution. I do not know if any part of these works was ever put down. But even if it was, I feel that the quality of the man and the form of his spirit were best revealed to his friends. At night, within the shadows of his bookshelves, a release came to Herbert Croly. He was morbidly sensitive. He spoke so low that when one ate with him in a restaurant it was difficult to hear what he said. Yet to have raised his voice in a public place, one felt, would have been an outrage to the nature of this man who was, without doubt, the greatest publicist of his generation. In his own occult way, Herbert Croly had embraced the world. A kind of dogged heroism through the years had driven him to accept the crass contacts of politics and journalism. For that was the method of his philosophy: his knowing was action. But now, in the stillness of his room, his knowing became words. What he said had a luminous strength, like wine kept long. For these were words aged in the cellar of himself. The exquisite perceptions had grown strong in secret. His eyes glowed, at such times, with his words. He was relaxed. A flame burned from the hard wood of his reticence.

Like an old wine, this strength of Herbert Croly's was not aggressive. It did not come to you; you had to find the means of taking it. He had none of the prophet's and mystic's need of self-assertion or of liberation from the trammels of his time. His method was always the same humble one: to work in the substances of the day, to live his day, and slowly to go on emerging without separation from the day's humble matters.

Some men synthesize the actuality of their time. Such a one was Theodore Roosevelt, once Croly's friend. Another kind, more rare and more precious, synthesize, not the day's actuality, but its promise. Such was Herbert Croly. But even within this group, he was unique. Such men are likely to be at odds with their hour, and quite aloof. Their method of revelation is often the prophetic attitude which refuses all participation with the actuality which they transcend. But Herbert Croly synthesized American promise by his acceptance of the American fact. He did not intuit his promise, he distilled it from the facts themselves. He was very far from the conventional prophet or mystic. His exquisite nerves grappled with the iron and blood of the twentieth century. What could come of this embrace of an almost feminine spirit with a body in which plunged the power of a billion horses? The spirit of the man remained undriven, clear; it became the record of a revelation, a place where, in the chaos of the present, American destiny left its mark.

If we translate his career into terms of our national destiny, how does it read? America runs the gamut of political credos. America sets up its external technologies and worships in them its own infantile power. America swears by the machine, and patterns from it its arts and folkways. Under high-sounding slogans of pragmatism and instrumentalism, America submits to the hour—to all the miseries and tyrannies of a mob clad in the immediacy of the hour. But America will, from its experience, return unto itself; learn that there is no substitute for the strength and value that reside secretly in man, and that there is no conduit to mastery of the world other than mastery of self. America will again hear the voices of the fathers

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who came to create a dwelling place, not for gilded slaves of the machine, but for man—a world made new, not by mechanical proliferation, but by the growth of the spirit of man and woman.

Such was the progress of Herbert Croly, who moved through the American jungle to find himself, and in himself projected what must be the destiny of his country, if that destiny be salvation. The promise of American life has had no truer form than the life of this man. WALDO FRANK.

A Man of Wisdom

IT IS WISDOM to accept the fact that the pattern of life is not wholly symmetrical. It is wisdom to sorrow for man's folly, his willful, obdurate tendency to choose darkness when light is so near. And it is wisdom to know that the conflicts of individualized human experience are the shadows of an encompassing disparity in the whole of man's life. Such wisdom Herbert Croly possessed.

I approach my share of the task of interpreting the quality of Herbert Croly's wisdom and personality with genuine humility, and at a time when I am still overwhelmed with a sense of deep personal loss; our association was for me wholly a thing of beauty and a stimulus toward growth. We did many things together, some in the realm of thought, others in the spirit of play, and still others in collaboration upon projects of mutual concern. It will be understood, then, I believe, if I refrain from reference to his writings. This may still be done on calmer days. Now, I wish only to speak out of intimacy, to derive a phase of his philosophy from the warmth of our friendship.

His intellect must come first, for I have known no other person who so thoroughly relished the sphere of the mind. And a rare mind he had in which to live! His intellectual processes worked shuttle-fashion—from historical perspective to prophecy, and then from prophetic mood to historical setting. His ideas were contextual, never isolated bits of fact or knowledge placed here or there, but always sequences of knowledge or idea within configurations. His mind was easily "set off" by the stimulus of ideas, and at a luncheon conversation, for example, it often appeared as if he were leaping. Later discussion invariably revealed that contexts were always present. In short, his thinking was never a "rhapsody of episodes," but always a pattern of logic. He knew the genesis of fundamental ideas and his sure knowledge of the past kept his ideas within the realm of objectivity; his prophetic disposition urged him forward into the sphere of the potential, the probable.

His approach to every situation was one of principle, not program. At a time when many voices were shouting, "What shall be done about it?" he was invariably asking, "What is the right manner of reflecting about it?" What was ultimately done about situations concerned him deeply, but always from a long-time, never a short-time, point of view. It was this quality of his mind which gave depth and profundity to his opinions. (It will be found, I believe, that his prophecies concerning public events and persons were right to an almost uncanny degree.)

Human experience, as well as the atom, seems to fit the notion of polarity. Our traits go in pairs, and this is, perhaps, why lack of polarity so often leads toward pathology; a single trait overdeveloped, overemphasized, tends toward a form of exclusion which, in the end, produces lack of balance. Herbert Croly's total personality may be interpreted in terms of a delicately balanced system of complementary traits. Certainly, his philosophy consisted of a dual set of ideas and propositions which, if superficially viewed, appeared to be almost antithetical. This very fact rendered it impossible for large numbers of persons to know him intimately; the complexity of his personality and thought was confusing to those who are inclined toward easy classifications. He brought little satisfaction to those who are content with black-white, good-bad, either-or characterizations. His mind functioned especially in that subtle realm of qualities which lie between the blacks and the whites, the goods and the bads, the eithers and the ors.

To Herbert Croly philosophy was always an outlook to the possible, the potential. He was one of the great believers. So far as I know, there never was a time in his mature life when he felt free to be dogmatic about the sources of his belief. Whether the ultimate reasons for faith were objective and human, or subjective and supernatural, remained an open question. Until the very end he was prepared to experiment with his own life. He was *en rapport* with all that the pragmatists and the behaviorists had to say about the nature of conduct, but he was never completely satisfied with their final interpretations. The possibility of discovering dynamic motivations for behavior aside from, and in addition to, those inherent in the formula of a behaving organism reacting to a stimulating environment was always in his consciousness. He was, therefore, a skeptic, or, using the

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term in its higher sense, a skeptical believer. He could write a book on the *promise* of American life, and he could at the same time be devastatingly trenchant in pointing out the degradations which might deny that promise. This very combination of belief and doubt, hope and despair, faith and dissent produced a critical mind of the highest order. His was the art of the true critic, not that of the commentator or publicist.

A naïve logic leads some to think that objectivity and subjectivity are, somehow, mutually exclusive qualities. Such persons find it easy to discount all that does not fall readily into one or the other of these columns. But knowledge, even of the scientific variety, is derived from sense as well as from logic. All that we know of the external world passes through these human minds of ours, and it is this peculiar humanness of knowledge which should save us from absolutism. Herbert Croly, happily, was criticized by those who believed in the hard facts and also by those who believed in ideas. He possessed a passion for facts, and the encouragement which he so freely gave to those who desired to engage upon fact-finding will be one of the persistent memories of those who knew him. But he never believed that facts alone could solve human problems. Beneath the facts of life were, he believed, certain subtle imponderable qualities of personality, will and purpose which might not be neglected. A pure fact in the hands of an impure person might produce minus, rather than plus, results.

In this realm of thought he was a moralist, even a mystic. Preliminary to the good life stood consciousness of guilt. In him one found "the devouring need of being always something more, always something better," but the "more" and the "better" could be reached only through atonement. There was in him a strong perfectionist tendency; his dread of vulgarity, his dislike for the meaner varieties of pride, and his hatred of dishonesty were matched by an overwhelming urge to be pure in motive. He was thoroughly impatient with the institutions of religion, and could not have been called, in any orthodox sense, a Christian. Nevertheless, he was a deeply religious man, and what he took from Christianity was not, curiously enough, its modernized social emphasis, but rather its universal spiritual overtone.

Thus far, I have spoken of a wisdom which is personal, almost introverted. Herbert Croly might have been all that I have attributed to him above without becoming anything more than an egoistic thinker, a modern Spinoza affirming that joy is "but the name of a passion in which the mind passes to a greater perfection of power of thinking, as grief is the name of the passion in which it passes to a less." But this intepretation omits many of his less known but dominant qualities, for Herbert Croly was driven by a deep sense of justice, especially toward those who were exploited; he possessed strong social sympathies, and was himself the most generous of companions. Otherwise, he might have saved himself from the exacting labors of editing a weekly journal, from the patient and arduous tasks of continuous self-expression. But here again one meets the usual duality, the complexity of his personality. He was a man of vibrant social desires, but these found no counterpart in the modes and procedures of his life. Indeed, it might be said that he was most uncomfortable when in the presence of a large group. Except in the company of two or three, he was likely to withdraw, to manifest symptoms of timidity. A portion of this apparently unsocial conduct is explainable on grounds of genuine humility, but the cause was even deeper: his sense of values was so highly qualitative that he instinctively suspected the quantitative. He was as restive when sharing a majority opinion as when caught in a crowd. To be genuinely humble is, no doubt, a part of wisdom, but to know that real value lies in quality, not quantity, is wisdom itself.

An individual's outlook on life may often be fruitfully tested by raising the question of means versus ends. Applied to Herbert Croly's total system of thought, this device reveals, once more, conjugation, not separation. He was capable of conceiving ends, goals, for which he would strive with force and tenacity. In the games which we enjoyed together, for example, his single-minded efforts to win were at times amazing. But, once the game had ended, his whole preoccupation was with means. It was precisely so in the sphere of life and ideas. The goal-seekers, those who preconceive specific ends and thenceforth marshal all their energies and resources in order to win success, regardless of the means employed, were often the target of his most telling invective. He scorned "careerists" in public life, and could never tolerate opportunism, either in the policy of his journal or in his associates.

His philosophical interest centered upon three varieties of means. He was, first of all, concerned about the means which individuals might employ for the discovery of their latent capacities, the methods of self-regeneration. Long ago he realized that end-gaining, that is, activity in which attention is focused wholly upon the goal, was a self-defeating process. (I recall, by way of illustration, conversations following tennis matches in which he would analyze the more strategic strokes of the game from this point of view.) The methods by which an individual might cultivate habits of self-awareness, as distinguished from self-consciousness, occupied considerable of his time and thought during the last five or six years of his life. In this

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search he actually discovered certain methods which illuminated his experience and released hitherto unexpressed powers.

His preoccupation, during the later phase, with the means of individual self-growth had not entirely eliminated a concern for social means. What he once called "the articulate and methodical conscience of individuals participating in a society" continually enlisted his interest. But, as he grew older, he departed steadily from his earlier sociological speculations (influenced by Comte and the American Positivists) and redirected his attention to smaller aspects of social process. Like most men of wisdom, he lost interest in big things, in the spacious milieu, in direct proportion to the deepening of his personal experience. That which remained predominantly social in his means-philosophy came, in the end, to be a concentration upon the meaning of his intimate relations with a small group of associates and friends. He expected of these relationships, in addition to an exalted form of loyalty, a type of creative interaction and interpenetration. The saddest moments of his life were precipitated, not by *Weltschmerz*, but by the feeling that a friend had fallen beneath his expectations. His rigorous scrutiny of the means utilized by others, together with his exacting standard for their total conduct, made friendship with Herbert Croly an uncompromising discipline, albeit a discipline which carried rewards in rich abundance. My span of acquaintances has not included anyone so difficult to know on intimate terms and so unlimited in gifts to those who penetrated beyond the initial complexities. What he gave was precious because it was never a temporary object but always an intrinsic process derived from his way of life.

In addition to the means for self-regeneration and the means of creative social relationships, his thought was identified with that subtle aspect of method which constitutes the primary mode of the artist. He was thoroughly at home in the realm of architecture, the theater and certain fields of literature; his appreciations and discriminations in these areas, although not professional, were those of a first-rate critic. Approval or disapproval, respecting the means and results of the artist, came quickly, instinctively. He was possessed of "cleanly preferences," and most of his conversations concerning esthetics were directed toward analysis of the relation between the artist's materials and objectives, and the means which he employed. But his esthetic criteria were not isolated and absolute affirmations confined to the uses of conversation; he was primarily interested in the ways of beauty as means of enjoyment, self-fulfillment, perfection. His delicate perceptions were as much a part of his living as was his acute intelligence. Believing that "in the things of the mind the appetite itself counts for so much," he went about selecting his experiences, always with a view to their fineness, their probable esthetic adequacy.

It is not my purpose to carry the concept of polarity too far, but it must be added that Herbert Croly did not find equilibrium in this world; his conflicts were never resolved, and if partial wholeness was achieved, it merely led him to confront more difficult problems. (Only the simple-minded who possess knowledge but lack wisdom find easy integrations, quick solutions and ready unities.) His mind had moments of almost incredible clarity, and at these times he saw more meanings in life and conduct than any of his contemporaries. What he had seen, discovered and invented he meant to gather together for the purposes of a philosophical volume, which now, alas, is denied us; when life must have seemed a frail and tenuous thing he had this work on his mind, and my last letter from him contained this sentence: "I am itching for the time when I can have my say about the whole problem."

And now he has gone. Herbert Croly, the man who loved truth more than facts, quality more than quantity, means more than ends, this man is no more. Over and over I have repeated sentences of this sort, hoping to convince myself of something impossible to believe, straining for a final term which might make my loneliness less haunting, less relative. But there are brute facts which stand squarely in one's pathway. Herbert Croly has gone—this is a brute fact. What makes this fact so brutal comes from this: he was not merely a man of wisdom—he was also lovable.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN.

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"H. C."

ONE'S FIRST encounters with Herbert Croly were likely to be rather baffling. It was never easy for him to deal with people, and if the visitor himself were at all diffident, he would be likely to find the conversation subsiding into a discontinuous series of remarks more and more haltingly delivered by himself, to which Croly would mutter responses more and more fragmentary and more and more imperfectly audible. At last the visitor would lose heart and stop, and a terrible silence would ensue: the atmosphere would become taut with panic. Croly would sit absolutely motionless, his eyes dropped on his hands, which would be clasped in his lap; his face was rather sallow, and to the visitor appeared hostile or morose. As the silence went on longer and longer and became more and more intolerable, the visitor would at last be driven to break it at any price by some absurd or irrelevant remark, to which Croly would be likely to return some equally wild reply. And the visitor, uncomfortable and perplexed, would finally be driven to the conclusion that the interview was over and that, brief as it had been, he had already stayed too long. He would take his leave, more mystified than ever as to the personality of the editor of The New Republic, who seemed to play so important a part in political journalism without one's ever having been able to discover precisely what sort of man he was.

But on some other occasion, a contact would be made. Something said would reach below the level on which ordinary conversation is conducted—a level at which it was almost impossible for him to carry on conversation at all—and he would respond with an earnestness which, with a minimum of emphasis, carried a maximum of conviction. He would lift his gaze and meet you directly: his eyes were clear, firm and green, and his gaze was one of the straightest I have ever known. One felt that one had looked into the eyes of an absolutely candid and honest person—that the public affairs of which one had been talking were things that mattered to him as deeply as our private affairs do to the rest of us. When he stood up, one became aware that his figure—he was an excellent tennis-player—was slender and erect. And as one had been surprised by the clear straight green gaze from those dim and meditative, those brooding eyes, so when thereafter one read his editorials, one had the sense of, behind their anonymity and their sometimes forbidding style, the absolute sincerity and seriousness which made him in the intellectual life of his time a figure so much more important and so much more interesting than many more brilliant writers and more picturesque personalities, even when they had succeeded in learning what Croly had to teach and had expressed it more strikingly than he could do. Political journalism is, after all, even among the radicals and liberals, much of the time merely a job like another, and becomes as easily a matter of routine as any other job. But this it never became for Croly—a distant war, a scoundrel returned to office, which for most of us would be merely a subject for an editorial, would be for Croly events which touched his life, which, when he spoke of them, plainly gave him pain.

But one might be aware of all this and yet at first have no idea of the sensitivity, the intelligence and the intensity which his constraint so often masked. If he seemed impassive—and he sometimes impressed people as being as impassive as a Chinaman—it was not because he remained impervious to the things that went on around him, but because he felt them too much. He was, for example, extraordinarily perceptive of people's personalities and behavior, and he had an extraordinarily prompt and sure insight into their characters and motives. This was one of the reasons for his value as a political critic: he was usually able with remarkable accuracy to calculate what sort of abilities any figure in public life would develop and how he would be likely to act. He has been accused of making mistakes, in politics as well as in journalism, in attributing his own integrity and idealism to persons who had nothing in common with him; but I usually felt, in cases of this kind, that he had not so much been blind to the dubious aspects of the man in question, as merely giving him the benefit of the doubt. He had also, though he was sometimes accused of a lack of esthetic appreciation and though he believed himself deaf to music and incapable of enjoying poetry, something of the sensibility of the artist. His imagination was easily touched and he responded to atmospheres and scenes as sensitively as anyone I have ever known. I have heard him describe a Mexican landscape—the combined vibrancy and dryness of the light and air on the high plateau and the strange exhilaration which had thrilled him with sensations of revelation and renewal—with the subtlety and precision of a French novelist. And one finally arrived at understanding—what one might never, when one first knew him, have suspected—that he was one of those rare persons whom we prize because we can touch them at any time, in any mood,

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on any subject, and be sure of an instant and true response. The contrast between his real accessibility, his real range of intelligence and feeling, and his apparent lack of warmth, was one of the curious paradoxes of his character. If one had assumed, as one was likely to do, that he was inarticulate and indirect, he surprised one by openness and frankness. If one had supposed that he was withdrawn and introspective, he shocked one by clairvoyance and realism. And for all his shyness, his excessive sensitiveness in both his public and his private relations, he could be extremely formidable for this reason.

A similar contrast appeared in his writing. He once told me that he considered his culture mainly French, and this surprised me at the time. In spite of his years of study in Paris and his addiction to French political philosophy, it seemed to me then that nothing could be less French than his habitual long and heavy sentences, than the Latin derivatives and vague abstract phrases, only occasionally relieved by some pungent American colloquialism, which tended to blur his thought—yet when I came to read him more carefully, I found that a paragraph in this plodding vein would often be picked up at last by some brief sentence which found the words for the whole matter with sudden felicity, lucidity and wit. I saw that it was true that his mind was probably closer to the French than to the Anglo-Saxon, and when he told me that his father had been Irish, I understood whence these qualities had come. He was most sensible to qualities of style in other writers, though, in his editorial capacity, if an article which came in was badly written, he could never offer any suggestions for improving it. Yet clumsiness, vulgarity or pretension, in writing as in everything else, seemed actually to make him suffer. I remember meeting him once between the acts at the first night of O'Neill's "Welded"—that baldest of O'Neill's poorer plays—and feeling that I had never seen distress so nakedly shown by a human visage. He spoke of the crudeness of O'Neill's dialogue as if it had been some misfortune to a friend—as indeed in this case it actually was, since Stark Young had directed the production.

But as one came to know Croly better, one began to cease to pay attention to these superficial aspects of his personality and to come under the influence of the spirit which they partially disguised: one found oneself able to put it to oneself more satisfactorily what it was which made his peculiar originality, his peculiar superiority. I believe that Herbert Croly was not primarily a political philosopher, and that he had become a journalist and editor only accidentally. The last sentence of the last paragraph of "The Promise of American Life" reads as follows: "The common citizen can become something of a saint and something of a hero, not by growing to heroic proportions in his own person, but by the sincere and enthusiastic imitation of heroes and saints, and whether or not he will ever come to such imitation will depend upon the ability of his exceptional fellow-countrymen to offer him acceptable examples of heroism and saintliness." Now it seems strange that a writer on politics should estimate the promise of American life from the point of view of its capacity to produce saints, but it was quite natural for Herbert Croly, for he was himself a kind of saint and it is not at all difficult to imagine him becoming, in some other period, not a writer on politics, but, say, the founder of a religious order. Not that one would have recognized him as the type of ascetic. On one of his sides, he was a man of the world. He loved New York and was never happy long away from it—he loved Paris and London; he loved the theater, loved going to lively places, loved meeting entertaining people. He not infrequently went in for gay waistcoats and always carried and smoked his own cigars. And in spite of the fact that considerable trouble had been taken over the lunches at The New Republic, the cuisine finally came to bore him so that it became difficult to induce him to eat there except on the two crucial days of the week (though the smile with which he would confess this had a shade of that sadness which would cloud his spirit at the general failure even of things connected with idealistic causes to live up to a high level of distinction). He had also a strong taste for gambling and was addicted to both poker and bridge.

Yet he was one of the most unworldly men I have ever known. It may have been partly due to the fact of his parents having been born in Europe and of their having been deeply imbued with the ideas of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment in the forms in which it had persisted into the nineteenth century, that, looking out upon the beginning of the American twentieth, it had troubled him to be forced to recognize that our very American democratic ideal of unhampered individual enterprise had resulted, with the rise of industrialism, in a society where the richest men were invariably regarded as the most admirable and their money and their ways of getting it not to be tampered with or criticized, no matter what bankruptcy and degradation this involved for another part of the population or what corruption and stultification for themselves. It may be, as I say, that these ideas were derived naturally from those of his parents, essentially European "intellectuals" lately arrived in the United States (the elder Croly, to whom "The Promise of American Life" is dedicated, had written a book called "Glimpses of the Future"). Yet one came to feel that Herbert Croly was the

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sort of man who in any civilization at any time would have found himself dissatisfied with society. From "The Promise of American Life," which Roosevelt had laid under contribution, to the signing of the Treaty of Versailles—for all his doubts about politicians—he had fixed his hopes on political programs. He had caused The New Republic to support Wilson when he took us into the War, in the expectation that the peace would justify it. After the peace conference, The New Republic disavowed the peace treaty, yet continued as a political journal. But for Croly, with his sensitiveness and seriousness, his sense of personal responsibility, the outcome of the War was an actual source of humiliation and anguish. During those days, he despaired of politics and really never quite took them seriously again; and when he turned away from politics, he gravitated naturally toward religion. His father and mother had been followers of Comte—he had in fact been the first child in the United States to be christened in the Positivist faith, that dryest, least inspiring or seductive of all the de-supernaturalized sects—and his whole training had been rationalistic. Yet he seemed now to be trying to reconcile with this rationalism some profound mystic feeling which was natural to him.

It was from this feeling that he had, from the beginning, derived his peculiar spiritual authority. I never knew Herbert Croly intimately, except in so far as any contact with such a man is more intimate, because it touches us at a deeper level of our natures, than many close associations with ordinary people; and I can write only a series of impressions which to those who knew him better may seem misleading. Yet I feel that his was the sort of personality which must present a certain amount of mystery even to those who know it best. We get to recognize, as we grow older, the same elements and motives in others with which we have become all too familiar in ourselves; but in men like Croly there seems to emerge in a pure and intensified form a virtue which arrests our attention and which is ultimately able to command us because we cannot understand it, cannot analyze it or explain it away. And I believe that Croly's later writings represented an attempt on his own part to explain to his own rational intelligence this mysterious spring of spiritual power. He was attempting to assign it somehow to a God of more vitality and majesty than Comte's Supreme Being, to that God in whom he had been taught not to believe. To a friend and associate even less a believer than he, it did not seem that he was successful. But to such a friend and associate it was plain—and particularly lately during the period of his illness, when one no longer saw him except briefly and rarely—that he was one of those who make it possible for us to maintain that faith in human life which, in the America of our day, the comfortable, the brutalized, the timid, the hopeless and pleasure-drugged, the fatigued and machinery-driven, seem pressing on every hand, and within ourselves, to destroy. He was one of those who, without dogmatism and though he seemed all his life to be seeking truth in collaboration with others rather than telling others what to think, somehow set the final values which argument cannot prove or disprove. His death dismays us at first for a time like a blow at those values themselves—as if we had found ourselves more at the mercy of the blindness and confusion of life.

EDMUND WILSON.

With H. C.

MY FIRST letter from H. C. was one written after I had done half a dozen articles or reviews for The New Republic, inviting me to come on the board as one of the editors. It was a letter so simple and downright, warm and inciting, that the mere thought of it has often pulled me through an article, and sometimes through one of those junctions in life where one moment must follow another and the transition is pure despair. And now for this note on him I am anxious to set down a few clear things about a man who was so curiously hungry for the right praise and reticent toward all rewards.

People differ, of course, but I for one am sensitive about such accounts, where the relationship is deep and private; and so I should like to think I could put over this a certain stylization, whose very removal and distance, I think, H. C. would approve, and whose touch of elaboration he would recognize, not as cold writing, but as a wreath and dedication. After all, there is nothing, not even his most intimate details, that is so personal to a man as the style and thought he evokes.

I should like to set down here that it seems so curious that nothing ends, it seems so now as when I was a child and heard for the first time that a wave started by a pebble thrown into the sea went on and on to the last shore, beyond the horizon. As one gets older, old phrases heard long ago and understood only as rhetoric and undying rhythm in the ear take on significance—O death, where is thy sting?—I never knew, as in H. C., a man in

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whom death in its eternal aspect, touched with sadness, was more present, or in whom life, as the defeat of death, was more persistent, beloved and eager. He was a man marked with the certainty that all things human end; but he loved life quietly in his own way and yet with the singleness and concentration of a dream.

I have been with H. C. in Italy, motoring through the country, walking along the roads, stopping in the towns, walking through the magnificent flame and harmony of those streets. There were four of us and we were in Umbria and Tuscany, the Marches and the Veneto and the Romagna. He and I, with more incessant legs than the others, went now and then alone. He himself had not an exact memory for words in quotations, though he could recall exactly his impressions of anything in art, and I remember how sometimes—not perpetually, let us hope, and not, perhaps, without the encouragement of the honest red wine of the district, as much the blood of that earth as was the blood in the people's veins—I would quote old verses that arose in my mind without any reason beyond their echo and comment on what was around us. Some of these I can still recall, none of them significant of any tended classic garden in my head, but rather in the nature of escapes, flowers persisting in a wild and tangled byway, largely because of their own fitness and hardihood.

There were lines from Virgil, Propertius, or the Greek Anthology, Tibullus and others doubtless, and once along the banks of the little Adige, Spenser, where he speaks of

> The violet pallid blue,
> The little daisy that at evening closes,
> The virgin lily, and the primrose true,
> With store of vermeil roses.

There was the Anthology poem about the palace gardens, by Arabius:—Ὕδασι καὶ κήποισι—and Virgil's advice to the farmer,

> Laudato ingentia rura, exiguum colito

—admire large fields, cultivate a small one; and that line about the cow brushing her footprints with her long tail; and another —Procne, the swallow, marked on her breast with bloody hands; and from Tibullus,

> When under the hot dog star the earth puts off
> her yellow hair.

It was all poetry, you see, about the places, the life, repeated forever, that had been in them, the echoes of the world, slight, no doubt, beside the coal situation in Borneo, but H. C. at least was not the sort to think so.

There was Leopardi's amazing poem about one of these Latin towns after a rainstorm,

> Passata è la tempesta,
> Odo augelli far festa, e la gallina
> Tornata in su la via,
> Che repete il suo verso.

more lucid and final than anything our hearty lovers of sea and mountains, so far as I know, have done for their subjects. There were Dante's verses about the cranes singing their song, making a long line through the air, and other quotations, garbled often, and enduring the weakness of my translation, from Dante; and I remember how H. C., with no great practice in the poet, knew how—justly, not mechanically or without imagination—to separate feeling and philosophy, art and mere meaning. To anything quoted he listened in a way you might have expected from him, as if not to the person quoting, but to the poet whose line he took to his heart so simply. Of all the lines that happened to emerge during these walks, the one he liked best was one whose meaning to him those who knew him well will understand; it was a little verse of Tibullus of which the straight translation is,

> In the secret woods where no path grows trite
> with human feet.

At such times, walking about those superb towns, Vicenza, Siena, Verona and the rest, in the affection of his friends, surrounded by those grandeurs of men's minds, he was happy and drifting, and got a way of bubbling out with comic items, usually of celebrated public figures he had known, anecdotes unforced and, out of sheer wit in observation, the pure human comedy; as if, I always thought, the harmonious and true touch and amplitude of time around us everywhere threw into relief the foibles and vanities of such brief and swollen eminences.

He had a fine approach to architecture and an old knowledge of it. He cared not so much for the medium ground, stale repetition or moderate-mindedness, but rather for, at one extreme in architecture, its niceties, and at the other, its voluptuous splendor, the elegant handling of Palladio or the richness of Bernini at his best. He understood, as few do, subtleties in architecture; he was, for instance, clear about Michelangelo, not only as we see him in some of the frescoes and pronounce him in the schools, but also as in the Campidoglio, a man turning on the glory of this world as "fragile and deceitful," a grand, tortured soul on the edge of decadence.

I cannot write a volume just here, but there are a few more of H. C.'s qualities that, whoever else may have recorded them, I could not leave unsaid.

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Unlike most American men, H. C. liked women. He liked not so much that part of them that time takes away, though beauty meant much to him, but rather the music of their company. He liked to spend hours in a woman's company; and if she talked mostly nonsense, he took her, I fancy, like a garden and sat amidst the flowers of her light egotism and her abstract charm; if she talked deeply, as she might talk with few men, he sat as at a shrine, not fatuously, but because he meant that something profound and dear to another should be heard with some beautiful listening that is the secret of a few. He liked, and endlessly, young people, and influenced them. He liked converting them, not so much to his way of being as to their own; and modestly wished to give them only so much of himself as fulfilled them.

He was somewhat gullible at times, but not for long, and always creatively so, provided the person whom he, for a while, overtrusted had any power to respond to belief and the deep power of another's hope in him. And what gullibility he had was only the reverse of his genius of faith.

He was rather cynical about our great men who have arrived and now fatten on the rewards of their own ascent; at least I am sure he did not envy them the repetitious fruits of their success. But he had faith in any motion upward, however much it might be only, as Plato would say, "following obscurely the footsteps of its obscure desire."

It is enough to make you hate the world, with its cheap, loud and natural applause of those figures whose chief need is acclaim and exhibition, to see how it can listen to such a man, learn, and yet pass by. But to hate the world is only to be silly and thwarted; as if because the hall is often dim and cheap, the music had never been in it. And yet in defense of the louder and larger public, it must be said that H. C. never quite asked anything of them or anyone. He arrived by his own paths at truth, preference, prophetic comprehension, and, somewhat academically perhaps, expected of these the strength in themselves to reach fulfillment. If he had had more futility in his ego he would have asked of us all more, and with less hunger in his heart he would have asked less.

He knew that for no thing is there any completeness outside its own nature, and no advance save in its own kind. In this lay the secret of one of his most beautiful traits, and of his success, also, with many of the writers on his paper. You knew that he wanted you to be happy in your own soul. From this arose the gift he had for influence, for causing some secret excitement in you, not confessed even to him, and, also unexpressed, some inner declaration of the stand taken within yourself. He had a great anxiety to pay what is fine in life its due; and a tenderness for all failures based on dreams.

STARK YOUNG.

One Generation to Another

WHEN YOU stop to think about it, there is not much you can say about a man who is dead. If you really respected him, you said what you had to say to him to his face, while he was still alive; anything you say about him to anybody else is more or less gossip. But about some men, like Mr. Croly, there has never been half enough gossip.

How much about a man can you learn by reading what he writes, by seeing him in the ordinary office round, by talking with him three or four times, by having him die? Enough, I think; otherwise I should not add my say to that of men who certainly knew him better.

You could not know him even a little without respecting him. I knew him only a little. Different generations seem, if not hostile to each other, at least irrelevant; of all the men of his generation, he talked to me most like one of mine. He had written a book that many of his own age thought impressive; I had never read it. He obviously knew a great deal more about history, politics, human affairs than I could begin to. He was one of the men I used to class (before I knew him) as an intellectual, an expert. I suppose his own generation has tacitly agreed that that will have to be his epitaph. It is a poorer epitaph than he deserves.

I will never forget his telling me with what difficulty, almost with what shame, he wrote his painfully written articles, putting one word after another—as if it belonged there! He knew better. Most men of intelligence must have looked hard at the question: What right have I to open my mouth? They have looked hard at it, shaken their heads, gone about their business and forgotten it. He never forgot that question; he looked at it every day. I think it was this unquenchable humility of his, sometimes called skepticism, that made men respect him; I know it was this that helped me to talk to him, on those too rare occasions, as if we were contemporaries.

Skepticism can be a noble philosophy; if it is inclusive enough, it can be a religion. It was his

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religion, for he practised it on himself. Nothing could ever be less popular, for nothing could be less sustaining or less comfortable. In essence the simplest of common sense, it would require a superhuman emotion to control it. Mr. Croly had no emotions that he fancied were superhuman, but his heart was as near the right place as a man's can get. He knew by heart that men are human, that men can only begin to approximate what that means, but that no other effort is of any value.

Books may be written, perhaps, and speeches will certainly be made, about his services to the liberal cause, his intangible influence as leader of forlorn intellectual hopes—but I will remember him as something simpler, something rarer, and something more mysterious: a man who tried to be honest.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

One Who Stood Firm

THE DIFFICULTY of limiting any life by words is increased a hundred fold when we try to outline some final sketch of Herbert Croly. Life means growth, and growth entails change. How can we crystallize the life of a man whose very existence seemed speeding faster and faster toward some looked-for goal? "All greatness is a wrestling with Time," and in these terms Herbert Croly must be reckoned among the greatest. He learned hardily that to fight for progress entails some victories and many disappointments. But he had in himself a historical background and an inner philosophy, which gave him confidence in spite of failure, a confidence possessed by few men; and he had a courage for moral conflict which is still more rare.

He knew intimately the broken-hearted liberals of the last fifteen years—men who had been progressive with Roosevelt and then mourned him as failed or foresworn. He had struggled side by side with the men who had pinned their human hopes on a war to end war—on Wilson as the arbiter of a new day in Europe or on the League of Nations to make men brothers everywhere. Because such hopes were only partially realized, the hearts of these men had failed. But the editor of The New Republic, who had written his hopes and proclaimed his disappointments with them, did not falter with them; although they were first his friends and then his critics.

Did he see less clearly than other men? Did he care less? Had he not rather learned with his generation that, whether we call it reform or progress, society must suffer some deeper conversion than is expressed in law?

On the contrary, with time his insight became keener and his passion for men deeper. As gradually he approached the end he became more and more convinced that the individual could read the riddle of the universe if only he would boldly search his own heart, undismayed by temporary hurt or disappointment. In this faith he was resolved to test what were the true values of religion as a basis for the good life.

He did not live to tell his friends what he had learned, nor to write his last message; but who shall say his question is unanswered? He died seeking a modern equivalent for the old words: The means of grace and the hope of glory.

RUTH MORGAN.

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